THE COMMONWEAL

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MORNING IN THE WEST

CHICAGO, they tell us—these poets and creative artists sickened by the mastodonic cruelty of materials—is a symbol of the burial of man's soul. Emerson and his brethren used to pass there vainly, the shrill echoes of their idealisms were wasted on the slushy sand, and the city grew. The year 1894 came, bringing its visionary exposition city marvelous with domes and towers builded with a strange, beautiful carefulness; and once again the humanists gained faith in their hobbies, so that a wistful company gathered along the fringe of Lake Michigan and began to serve culture. But the city grew and grew. It absorbed muddy, hog-raising farms and turned them into suburbs; it swallowed long files of laborers hard put to make both ends meet in their dingy hovels; it was unfair, proud of the money its leading citizens were making, and content to accept as a sign of greatness even the stench of its stock-yards.

Inevitably the humanists were saddened. And what had at first been a vestal consciousness of civilities turned into an outcry for civilization—a shout that in the midst of rotten composure there must be an ideal. The shout was often tuneful, ranging from the tentative paganism of Lew Sarrett to the camp-fire enthusiasms of Vachel Lindsay, but it was tempered by the ironically saddened news from Spoon River. Even what had at first been recognized as genuine and earnest—the pioneer life of a developing, industrious country—became, in the end, a mere argument upon the basis of which the most savage of our novelists demanded a new culture and a new spiritual goal. But when Chicago was honest, not merely interested (and here it must be remembered that Chicago is a symbol of the nation) it had of necessity to admit that both the criticism and the doctrine of modern prophets were far from encouraging. One could be brilliant and sardonic with Sinclair Lewis, but it was difficult to be happy with him. There we sat, like the old woman of fable who finally received the painted finger-bowls for which she had longed all her days, wealthy, progressive and unable to use humanly the things we had gathered together.

The poverty of the American soul is best seen in those who seemed accredited to make it rich. Sometimes their pathetic eroticism was the most gorgeous quality of these shouting spokesmen; and one forgave them much simply because one understood their fierce desire not to be stifled by prosperity. But—and the point is well made by Mr. Alexander Harvey, writing as a correspondent to the New York Herald-Tribune—

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they have never really grasped the meaning of prosperity. They mistake for an ocean what is only a flood rushing through a disrupted dam. "The agony of American life," says Mr. Harvey, using the word in its Attic sense, "emerges from an American spiritual ambition that exceeds American spiritual capacity. The average American—one encounters him everywhere except in the pages of the 'best-sellers'—longs to be a better man than he is ever likely to be. The American woman strives unceasingly for triumph on the spiritual plane. Hence the tension, the irritability, the true source of what is called by people who write novels, the 'strain' of American life. It is the possibility of ultimate frustration in these efforts—it is the necessity for effort unceasing—that comprises the 'agony' of the American." And so it is not difficult to conclude that Sinclair Lewis and his company —the "redemptive intelligentsia" of the country—are not conquerors but victims of the sense of frustration. When a man does not know what to do, he is most vigorous in advocating doing.

But the world is an old place. It has even seen prosperity before and been in bed as the result. Therefore, during the nineteenth century which was so constantly informing Europe that, as the years rolled on, it would get richer, wiser and better, the grace of God, not finding a great harvest, was busy with the sowing. What a vision it is of the Master—going on invisibly while the fields of humanity were buried in indifferent darkness, scattering the bloom that was to be and the fruit of the morrow, whispering the melodies of benediction and expectancy! They were wise, the little clods so speculative and cynical, but the night went by and they proved to be only clods—as all men are until they long to grow and do grow. And gradually it was seen what a morning stood over the earth. It was a Morning that came, regal and yet indescribably humble, in a monstrance; and before it, led by a "beggar," were gathered throngs in penitent jubilation, from the ragged ends of everywhere. Theirs was the joy of men who have looked in all places for a desperately needed friend, and then have turned to discover Him in the street.

These Eucharistic festivals of the world did not at first interest Americans, apart from a limited few. The epic of prosperity had really absorbed us in a distinct manner. It had led to the conclusion that although the mastery of material things was best attained through organization, the illumination of the soul was an affair of individual candle-power. For reasons sufficiently well known, comparatively few who walked through the fields of wheat remembered that grain could be transformed into the bread of immortality. And yet that had once been the central glory of mankind's social career. Western civilization is a Eucharistic achievement; and so long as it recognized its mystical origins, Europe was never in danger of being wholly overwhelmed by the flood of material things. It could laughingly shake off its accumulated trappings like drops of rain, it could change them, by a beautiful transfiguration, into temples of worship while it had faith in the tremendous Food which guaranteed it against famine.

And so the coming of the Eucharistic Congress to Chicago is, if such a thing be possible, more than an act of religious worship. It is a return to the centre of gravity. It is the illustration given to a city which remains symbolic of material prosperity of how earthiness may be sublimated into spirituality. Not all of those who gather at the fringes of the vast pilgrimage will have faith. Some of the spectators may even smile in their hearts. But two things will have been accomplished. First, men will be impressed, possibly more than they have ever been impressed in their lives, by the power of religious conviction to summon rich and poor, the splendid and the humble, toward one transcendent goal. There is even in the entourage of a demonstration like this a display of human energy well-ordered and full of meaning because the centre round which it moves is firm. No matter what other things have drawn, or may draw, men to Chicago, there can be no comparison with the magnificence of this pilgrimage under the banner of the King. Already the splendor of the ecclesiastical pageant has had its effect; and the throng which has seen the glory of churchly raiment has been led to consider also the underlying consciousness of glory as a transient thing.

The second thing that will have been accomplished is far more important, though less easy to understand. Regardless of the manner in which the world that gropes and suffers through the agony of the American mind may respond to the festival, Reality will have moved into the presence of that world. People may not see. They may not recognize the truth which the ancient poem says so marvelously well: "What a wonderful thing is this, that the poor, humble servant should feast upon his Lord." But the wonderful thing—res mirabilis—will have been lifted before their eyes. Its effect may not recall the miraculous rebirth of humanity from the ruins of antique paganism, but in a myriad quiet, unfathomable ways there will be an effect. The mystical sowing time has been in progress here, as well as in distant lands, so that the bending harvest will not be withheld. Indeed, no one who surveys the career of America, its battle against isolation for collective nobility, its sacrificial generosity, its eagerness for illumination, will doubt that the present congress is a moment for which it has waited long and mysteriously. If the seers to whom prominence is given for their disillusioned anger are right, we need to be redeemed again, socially, from the oppression of ourselves. And to the One who alone, in all history, has been able to effect that redemption, we shall gather, during a long June holiday, to reverence, to adore, and to cherish with our hearts.

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WEEK BY WEEK

IT is significant that the first rebellion against the League of Nations has been inaugurated by an American state. However much one may deplore the action of Brazil and the denunciatory letter which its representative was instructed to deliver to Sir Eric Drummond, the fact remains that both action and letter are, in the main, reasonable and natural. Any concept of international organization as something above reproach, innately so good that all criticism of its tendencies must be avoided, would be simply a preposterous assumption. The Brazilian letter declares that at present the League is being used as a means to an end by the great European powers—that, by legislating themselves into permanent seats on the Council, they are smothering the idea of universality which America brought to Versailles and attempted to write into law. It sees a growing divergence between the contemporary mind of Geneva and the American idealism of ten years ago.

OBVIOUSLY, the issue at stake is one of interests rather than of integrity. From the point of view of Europe, the entire future depends upon guaranteeing the Locarno agreements. Because everybody admits that Germany made a critical concession when these agreements were underwritten, everybody must see that the price exacted by Germany for these concessions—unobstructed entry into the League—needs to be paid. The government of the Reich could accept the status quo which followed the war only on condition that the reorganization of the political world was to take cognizance of her needs. Perhaps this matter of the new Germanic orientation is the crucial problem with which the League must deal. And if this is true, it follows that the work of Geneva must gravitate round it and that, therefore, the business of both Council and Assembly must remain European in character. To deplore this fact, as Brazil does, is not to destroy its necessity. The League will either regulate the heart-beat of the battered old world or it will fail altogether in its purpose.

PERHAPS in time Brazil will return to her place. But the interests which she represents and the concept of world relations to which she is dedicated will be shelved for a long time. Sooner or later it will be apparent that "the American ideal" is the outgrowth of conditions and hopes quite independent of continental circumstances. And then, perhaps, it will become possible to develop to the utmost the opportunities for united conciliatory action now latent in Pan-Americanism. At all events, the experience of Brazil will prove a new barrier to whatever attempts may be sponsored by anxious and thoughtful citizens to correlate the influence of the United States with the effort to create a better world-order. If we are wise we shall not waste this influence. But, because of unalterable circumstance, it becomes clearer with each day that our best work will be done side by side with the other peoples of the Americas, who have been developed under ideals of world-citizenship which are really similar to our own.

VARIOUS confessions by those engaged in promoting the right kind of government in Pennsylvania indicate, not only that considerable money was spent in the recent primary election, but also that a considerable number of citizens were pleasantly eager to accept the money. In fact, if one may credit the righteous Mr. Frederick A. Beutel, Pittsburgh got up early in the morning to command the highest available prices for its signatures. Regardless of political theory, the virtue of Mr. Grundy, who cheerfully spent half a million dollars to save the manufacturers of the Keystone State from an embarrassing tax, is much more apparent than the qualifications for citizenship owned by the people who lined up for their share of the plunder. The inference is simply that the custom of primary elections is something for which Pennsylvanians are not prepared. Laws safeguarding the orderly conduct of such elections have been consistently ignored by the state legislature; and judging from some of the evidence which has regaled the inquisitorial senators, even such a fundamental detail as the inviolability of the voting booth has not been respected.

THE philosophers of twenty-five years ago, who predicted the futility of primaries, seem indeed to have been vindicated by experience. But logical nicety demands that one refrain from imposing Pennsylvanian

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circumstances upon all the states. Wisconsin, for instance, owes its persistent fidelity to progressive government to the fact that her primaries do accurately reflect popular will. There the regular party conventions are powerless to impose a candidate of their choice, and "popular representation" remains something more than an academic concept. The gilt-edged conflict between Vare and Pepper forces suggests, therefore, not that primary elections are futile, but rather that these elections are not automatically effective. It implies—as so many successive political events do—that the once rampant democratic hypothesis applies only to certain conditions and to a limited number of situations.

PAST and present were significantly intermingled in the triumphal procession with which New York City welcomed distinguished European delegates to the Eucharistic Congress. Nearly half a million people witnessed the brilliant passing of the Papal Legate, the Cardinals, the visiting clergy and the various organizations of the laity which added to the splendor of the demonstration. Representatives of peoples who but a short while ago were engaged in bitter conflict walked together through the streets of a new land and into the hushed Cathedral. And many a one, gazing about at the imposing manifestation, must have remembered that their predecessors of the past century had sent out men like themselves to undertake the arduous spiritual care of frontier America, and to keep alive the energies of faith. Even their mere going, side by side, through the first victorious distance of their pilgrimage was a tribute to the work which has been done. The task that remains is, of course, equally large and stupendous. It will be rendered easier for all by the spectacle of invincible spiritual fidelity, by the consciousness of greatness allied to a great cause, and by the knowledge that the really abiding royalty belongs to those who have been consecrated to carry on the princely service of the King.

THE inability of China to decide upon a policy to govern relations with foreign countries continues to render the Customs Conference perilously like a sardonic joke. In their attitude toward this conference, however, the United States and Japan reveal a difference of opinion novel in economic history and certain to affect the future. The bases of this difference have been succinctly analyzed by Mr. Thomas F. Millard, whose despatches to the New York Times are far and away the best accounts we are now receiving from the Orient. He finds that with the rise of the United States to undisputed world power after the war, Japanese statesmen were forced to realize the diplomatic importance of the League of Nations. "They saw sooner than American statesmen did," he says, "that in relation to the Pacific Ocean era an American policy merged with European statecraft was one thing, and an American unilateral policy in Europe, in the western hemisphere and in the Far East was another thing. With America in the League, questions of the Monroe and Hay doctrines might be entangled with issues of European politics, and perhaps turned by diplomatic trading of Japan with European governments. With America taking a unilateral course, these questions meant having to deal directly with an unhampered Washington and with a policy actuated entirely by the American viewpoint.

MR. MILLARD records the Japanese disappointment over this turn of events, her adherence to "Pan-Asian" propaganda, and her gradual discovery that her advantage might ultimately lie in association with either American or British interests and policies. The future alone can tell what position Tokyo will decide upon. For the moment it may be well to observe that many Americans did see the relation between the League of Nations and the Pacific Ocean era. In fact, one of the most consistent and effective elements of the attack upon Mr. Wilson's idealism was, in the West, the reasoning which found that at Geneva the United States might find herself committed to undignified and insalutary compromises with Japan. No aspect of our recent political life is more interesting than the divergence of orientation which has set the West to assuming shrewdly the rôle of Balboa, while the East remains a commercially homesick Columbus.

IN this, the commencement season of the year, a large proportion of the columns of the press are set aside for addresses at schools and colleges. The problems peculiar to adolescence are treated by educators of national prominence. The coming generation has every opportunity to learn what impression its demeanor is making upon a generation possibly wiser and inevitably sadder. A symposium of the speeches which have been delivered during the past few weeks would not yield a very large percentage of original thought. In what might be called their highlights, a certain difference of outlook appears. Those who dig beneath the surface note of perfunctory congratulation customary on such occasions may strive, if they will, to reconcile the advice of Chancellor Brown, of New York University, to the youth of America to think more, with the identification, by President-Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, of thought with unwholesome brooding, which amounts to a counsel to think less. What peers out from a consideration of addresses by chancellors and professors as a whole, is a note of final resignation with youthful vagaries, an endeavor to see with its undimmed eyes and to catch the rhythms that beat in its undulled ears, a determination to find compensatory virtues where old traditions have been scrapped—in short, an abandonment of the didactic and inhibitory attitude in favor of a new and more sympathetic understanding.

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HOW far this new note of admiration, in which the shadow of a regret, never absent altogether when old speak to young, may be traced, works for good, depends somewhat on how far outside campus limits our capped and gowned mentors intend their remarks to be applied. Many things that ring true for the world of college and for the class with which college is life's normal threshold, are not only untrue but may be mischievous in the extreme if applied outside. Thus, when Professor-President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, speaking in "the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astoria," tells the girls of Miss Spence's school that "the women of today are claiming joy as their rightful heritage," he is only giving words to a truth which leaps to the eye. But when he goes on to add that this claim has only to be asserted to "make the world a more joyful place," sharp dissent is of the order of the day. Even within the limits of the class, protected and, one trusts, wisely guided, to which his words were addressed, it is a half-truth. The supply of joy is not unlimited, and for its existence in any individual case it is always dependent upon self-denial and self-effacement by others. No rectilinear course through life with personal joy as its guiding light has ever been followed without leaving abundant unhappiness in its wake. As for the class to which work, often of a very joyless order, presents itself not only as an ethical duty but as an economic necessity, it is hard to assess the moral damage that might follow taking President Alderman's sunny aphorism too candidly. The recent terrible testimony of the Salvation Army as to the steep fall in the average age of girls who come to it in need of help—the investigation now being conducted by the New York World of plague spots where wayward girls of school, not to say, college age, are the lure, make a sinister comment upon the comfortable glozes uttered at the end of the scholastic year.

THE flurry of collegiate oratory has also left the problems of education pretty much as they were. A young graduate who might suppose he had missed something valuable by being limited to one final exhortation would discover, if he looked diligently elsewhere, that the remarks of his anxious elders lack coherence. Indeed, the stock-in-trade of one solemn speaker is the pet anathema of the next. The ancient difficulty of making up one's mind has not been dispelled by such things as switch-boards and paper napkins. And it is significant that this difficulty should have revived, at least fitfully, the memorable controversy between humanists and the scientifically minded. In declaring that his method of investigation is the great creative rule of modern living, the scientist is voicing a legitimate pride. He has developed the old Greek habit of looking shrewdly at things into a form of vision which proves this familiar world a cornucopia of unsuspected riches. But there is another side to the matter. The most educative thing about Darwin is that, for all his accumulated lore concerning species, he had forgotten the arts and could not even appreciate music and poetry. For obvious reasons many of us prefer a model citizen less perfectly weaned from the benignant antiquities of culture. And so it is a little irritating to see the case for science put so officiously as it is in Dr. James Harvey Robinson's The Humanizing of Knowledge, just reissued by Doran. The book comes perilously near to seeming an attack, by one troubled with a monomania, upon people with adverse monomanias. After all, the commencement addresses are normally not too ambitious.

THE growth of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, the fifth general convention of which was held recently in Dayton, Ohio, has been little short of phenomenal. No other movement is more indicative of the increasingly large activities sponsored by the youth of America. Begun only eight years ago, when the representatives of thirty institutions met at Techny, Illinois, the Mission Crusade numbers a half million young people and has units in nearly every important institution in the land where there are Catholic students. Canada and the American students who are pursuing courses of study in Europe are also represented in its membership, while its "veteran members"—those who, though they have left the halls of learning, are still vitally interested in its cause—come from all walks of life. In this day of material things, when appeals of all sorts are deluging everyone's mail, it is refreshing to contemplate this society which is in no sense a money-raising enterprise. Its members do, indeed, supply large sums of money for missionary purposes—over $300,000 a year—but the Crusade, as such, confines itself to its motto: "That America may know and serve the missions."

ITS purpose is educational, and to this alone it devotes its energies. It believes that Americans should know of the Church's missionary activities and it consistently places before its membership the facts concerning them. The results have certainly justified its practice. Its success is an evidence that the youth of America is willing to embark upon spiritual conquest with the same joyousness and enthusiasm that it does in those of a more material nature. The number of Crusaders who have gone, or who are preparing to go, to the missions shows that red-blooded young Americans are quite as willing to undertake to bring the true light to those who have it not as they are to extend the blessings of Standard Oil to the ends of the earth. Rome's appreciation of the Crusade has been shown in the fact that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has raised it to the rank of a Pontifical Society, and by his recent appointment of His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, as its protector. Such a body promises great achievement.

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THE signal honor of its degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology has been conferred by the Catholic University of America upon that staunch worker in the cause of Catholicity, Father John H. Wynne of the Society of Jesus. No more grateful evidence of appreciation of high worth and monumental service could be imagined than this final crowning at the great university of one of the leading lights of the ancient, venerable, and admirable body of our Jesuit scholars. The Catholic Encyclopedia is in reality a Catholic University brought into the homes and the libraries of our English-speaking world; for the creation of this invaluable source of dogmatics, history, science, and culture, we are deeply indebted to the heroic devotion of Father Wynne; also in the great series of volumes announced by the Universal Knowledge Foundation we are upon the eve of the fulfilment of his efforts, wise provisions, and practical preparations for the thought of the press and accepted opinions of future generations of authors and readers. The Catholic University honors itself in this generous acknowledgment of a life of Catholic scholarship.

THE genuine Tunisian Sheik Hadj Mohamed, we are informed on the best authority, landed in the United States wholly without the romantic and chivalrous baggage which so many fiction writers have suggested he owns. Quite soberly the Sheik declared himself unable to comprehend women "whose skirts are too short, whose faces are unveiled, and who wear too much paint." This candor, it might be added, is shared by a good many males of the country to which the Sheik has come. They can now welcome him in a jovial, brotherly fashion which his advance reputation had seemed to predict impossible. But why, one wonders, was there no invitation to one of the veiled ladies of the Tunisian party to express herself candidly on the subject of man? She might well have something pertinent to say regarding males who, flushed with years in the very best colleges, aspire to the title of Arabian chieftain in its more figurative aspects. Possibly she may have observed the affectation of trumpet-like trousers to enshrine legs which need no stimulated unsteadiness to render them perfect victims of the "blues"; who empty vial after vial of patent ointment upon their elegantly plastered heads; and who serve as masterly illustrations of ultimate vapidness. We would hold no brief for sheiks, but obviously they have been grossly insulted and misrepresented. The proper kindred of the gentlemen who aspire to their title in the more refined circles of our country is, as should have been obvious from the beginning, the clan of that perfectly stupid individual who, in a solitary moment of enlightenment, once refused to go any farther with Balaam.

FOLLOWING a tendency for which there is more than one precedent, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the evening of his days, is displaying a more intimate concern with the problems of the next world than ever informed the work of his youth and maturity. His references to them hitherto had been somewhat cavalier. In The Light That Failed, he noted, in passing, the workings of "that very just providence that delights in inflicting pain." To the terrible Badalia Herodsfoot, he appended Browning's remark about God being in His Heaven and all right with the world, with an intent that, on the face of it, was sardonic rather than reverent. A good deal of water has run under bridges and a good many bridges tumbled into the water since those far days. In turning to a sunnier conception of the ways of God with men, Mr. Kipling has all the air of conveying comfort to a world sadly in need of it. In his new story, The Gate, which begins this month in McCall's Magazine, he draws, according to publicity just released, "a moving and powerful picture of the hereafter, as affected by the world war. He pictures a boundless charity and an utter compassion as reigning there. So merciful is his conception of heaven that he finds a place there for Judas Iscariot."

THE eternal destiny of the arch-betrayer is a theme that has fascinated many minds. Uncompromising Dante placed him in hell—by no means alone. The Gnostics advanced the theory, fantastic yet somehow impressive, that he had betrayed only to force the Master to some overwhelming demonstration of His Godhead. Origen could imagine his suicide as an overmastering impulse to follow in death the Man he had sold to His enemies and implore His pardon. There is a grandeur in both these conceptions, however heterodox, that we do not look for in Mr. Kipling's notion of a "post-war" heaven so comprehensive that it cannot bear to exclude even Judas. That its development by one of his literary calibre will be "moving and powerful" we can be sure in advance. But behind it we shall be very much surprised if anything more substantial is found than the contemporary flair for paradox, the contemporary intolerance of mystery, and the contemporary itch for making over the Gospel narrative "to taste," which is supplying us with so many debased and deformed caricatures of sacred tradition. Montaigne, in his inimitable fashion, once ridiculed Bion the Sophist, who prayed to the gods when sick and ignored them when convalescent. "As though the gods would come and go on Bion's business!" Today the gods are being made to come and go on a vast variety of business. And very brisk and profitable business it can be made by authors who have gained the public ear.

THE Sultan of Swat, Caliph of Capability and Grand-Vizier of Vigor, whom all the sport-loving world knows as "Babe," will earn a new title to regard if he carries out his promise and joins forces with

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Father E. J. Flanagan in exposing what looks like a very dark and very mean story of exploitation on the part of the farming element of this country, whom we are more or less resigned by now to regard as depositaries of the virtues which have been driven from our brawling cities. According to Father Flanagan's statement, it has become the gentle practice of certain among this deserving class to solve their labor problem by "adopting" homeless boys during rush seasons and returning them to the care of their former guardians when the rush is over, with no other remuneration for their labor than an object lesson in the relation of work to wages that will probably last them all their lives. Mr. Wackford Squeers, as soon as one of his little charges had learned to spell "winder," used to send him out to clean one; and it is a little startling to see the methods of Dotheboys Hall revived in our twentieth century and in the free air of the great open spaces. To expect the pen of Mr. Dickens from Mr. Ruth would be asking too much. But when our athletic giants condescend to literature, ways and means exist of ensuring that the result shall be eminently readable. The great thing is that the heart which beats inside the big frame of the home-run king has been touched. He remembers he began life himself as one of the disinherited of the earth, and he is coming to their assistance. "I am all for the boys and will help you in this cause," he writes Father Flanagan. A world that, on the whole, likes to see meanness and oppression meet its deserts, is expecting a homer for the homeless.

THE FRIARS' SCHOOLHOUSE

ON June 6, San Antonio, Texas, witnessed the unveiling of a tablet on the Aztec gate to the residence of Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, a devout Catholic, a member of the Mexican Cabinet in the days of Diaz, holder of the portfolios of the Interior and Foreign Affairs under Huerta, and internationally known as a surgeon. Thus our attention is directed to an historical fact worthy of serious reflection at this time.

The tablet bears witness to the fact that on June 6, 1526, the first parochial school in North America was founded by the Franciscans in Texcoco, Mexico. Today Texcoco is an insignificant town of 5,000, sleeping a lazy sleep in the warm sunshine on the banks of a blue-green lake and dreaming of its former splendor. In the days of the Aztecs it was the capital to which the chiefs hurried on matters of state. That they met with a regal welcome is plain from the ruins of the fine buildings and palaces that still remain, especially those dating from the reign of Nezahualcoyotl, which means in our language "the Hungry Coyote."

The Hungry Coyote is almost a legendary figure in Mexican history. Twice he was forced to flee because he had drawn the sword against a usurper who had put the son of the king to death. He succeeded in making his escape through a secret door under a cloud of incense. After having tasted the bitter bread of exile, he seized the throne and reigned for fifty years. It was a peaceful reign, too, because he was an ardent believer in the unknown God in whose honor he composed the following prayer which does honor to his intelligence and his religious sense: "Surely the gods which I adore, idols of stone and wood, speak not nor feel. Neither could they fashion the beauty of the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars nor yet the earth and plants. Some powerful, hidden, and unknown God must be the creator of the universe and He alone can console me in my affliction or still the bitter anguish of my heart."

The Spanish Conquistadores always brought priests, generally mendicant friars, with them in their marches in the new world. Cortez swooping down upon Mexico was accompanied by the Franciscans who arrived in Vera Cruz in August, 1522. The three pioneer missionaries were eminent men—Juan de Tecto, leader of the party, had been confessor to Charles V, and only over the royal protest did he find his way to America. Pedro de Gante was closely related to the emperor, one historian going so far as to maintain that he was a son of Charles V. This is out of the question since the friar would have had to embark for the new world before the emperor had reached his twenty-third birthday. It is more likely that he was a brother of the sovereign. The other member of the party, Aora, is believed to have perished with Tecto on the Honduras expedition in 1525. That left Fray Gante alone in Mexico.

Cortez befriended him in his apostolic works, commanding that the white settlers send their children to the friar's school. The children of the slaves were welcomed and almost compelled to take their places on the rude benches. Six years after its foundation Gante wrote that he had from 500 to 600 children under his charge. These were housed—with room for 400 more—in a large building consisting of classrooms, a dormitory, and a refectory. The first instruction consisted of simple prayers and the rudiments of religion. Fray Gante translated the fundamentals of the Faith into a native hymn which the Mexicans learned easily and hummed almost unintermittently. He wrote that he and another monk baptized as many as 10,000 persons in a single day. The name of the saint of the day was usually imposed upon the children in Baptism, and if necessary the gender of these patronymics was arranged to suit male or female recipient. The popular names which the white children were free to select were John and Mary, Peter and Catherine. After Baptism the children were given a parchment slip on which their new names were written lest they forget them. The Indians showed great proficiency in reading, writing, drawing, instrumental music, especially the flute, and singing. Many of their

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drawings were admired in Spain. In the textile arts they soon excelled. They learned the art of building by close observation of the Spaniards, who in that age were great constructors. But it took much urging on the part of the Spaniards to teach the Indians the mechanical arts, for the Mexican rebelled against the seven years of apprenticeship that was insisted upon.

From Texcoco a foundation was made in 1690 in East Texas by the Franciscans. Practically the same régime in force at Texcoco was observed here. Everyone is familiar with the Alamo in San Antonio. San José, the "Pearl of the Missions," so called on account of its superb carvings, was next founded. But the missions in Texas never thrived long or lustily, because the Comanche and Apache Indians did not bow their necks readily to the yoke of the Gospel nor keep them there docilely when once they had submitted.

Dr. Urrutia brought to his palatial home in San Antonio as much of Mexico as he could conveniently deport. Having Aztec blood in his own veins he saw fit to carry from Mexico the Aztec God of Death. It overlooks a small lake filled with water lilies. The entrance to the villa, which is a vast one-story building in stone modeled on the Califs' Palace of Cordova, is an Aztec construction of enormous size, each stone of which was carried piece by piece from Mexico. In his palace there are such precious treasures as Maximilian's crucifix, Zurbaran's magnificent painting of Saint Francis, the eagle of the last Aztec emperor, and the vases from the Tuileries which Napoleon III gave to Maximilian. Surrounded by records of the past, the Doctor is dreaming a dream of founding in San Antonio a hospital similar to the one he built in Mexico, the best equipped of its kind in the land.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the first parochial school on this continent deserved to be commemorated because it will give the lie once for all to those who maintain that the Spanish missionaries insisted upon keeping the natives in ignorance. It will also serve to give us the measure of those Mexican governmental officials who are trying today to snatch from the hearts of a Catholic people the priceless advantages made possible by the missionaries of long ago, who labored so ardently and magnificently to win this people to Christ and hold it to Him by sound Catholic education.

SESQUICENTENNIAL MUSIC

THE first choral concert to open the auditorium of the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia was given on Wednesday, June 9, and the program was one of extraordinary musical merit, worthy of the high aims of the Catholic Choirs Society, and of the great reputation of the City of Brotherly Love for its musical standards and attainments.

Program, rendition, and representation of the old and new church compositions, as well as of the different groups in the music world of the city, embracing the Palestrina Choir under the special direction of Nicola A. Montani, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the 1,000 voices representing the Catholic Girls' High School, the Polish and Ruthenian groups, Saint Peter's Choral Society, the Cathedral Choir, Saint Francis de Sales Choir, Church of Our Mother of Sorrows Choir, and Saint Patrick's Choir, were of an excellence and brilliance that it would be impossible to rival in any other city of our nation.

The vast auditorium, capable of seating some ten thousand people, proved to be a hall of most remarkable acoustical properties, and but one word can be said of the audience, several thousand people indeed, but entirely inadequate to the splendid musical feast, or to the pretensions and ambitions of our very fine musicians. We feel sure that some cantata or oratorio of purely secular organizations would have crowded this auditorium and not left the impression that, in spite of all the pretensions of our students, our critics of the liturgical and secular, our lofty assumptions in art and music, there is a lack of sincere appreciation and patronage on the part of our musical public, Catholic or non-Catholic—but be it here noted that this reproach is for the Catholics in particular.

Particularly calling for praise were Miss Nora Burk's direction of Niedermeyer's Pater Noster, and Edgar's Fly Singing Bird; the Reverend William S. Murphy's direction of the twelfth-century Adoro Te Devote; and the exquisite rendering of O Bone Jesu of Palestrina under the leadership of Albert J. Dooner. The Ave Maria by Tomas de Victoria and Caesar Franck's Panis Angelicus with the solo by the fine voice of John Ambrogi were unforgettable features of the Reverend William B. Kane's choir. The Ruthenian Choir rendered several very interesting numbers from the Byzantine Rite, followed by a superb rendition of Caesar Franck's Psalm 150, conducted by Leopold Syne.

The great feature of the evening was Nicola Montani's presentation of his composition, the Missa Festiva, in six parts—a rich, harmonious development of the best of the old and new in church music, rendered with great effect by the Palestrina Choir, the Choir of Saint Peter's Church, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was a fitting climax to the occasion. The Polish Choir rendered several scenes from the operas, Halka Flix and Verbum Nobile, under the able director, Walter Grigaitis. Masterly renditions were given on the splendid organ newly installed.

Altogether, the Catholic Choirs' Festival was highly creditable to the great claims that have been made for our traditional composers as well as the high esteem in which our choirs and singing societies are held, an esteem which should grow and become more and more important with the increasing prominence we are taking in national and municipal functions and the cultural fields of our nation.

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ABBESS OF THE SNOWS

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

THOSE who study the western coastline of America, northward of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, cannot help but be struck by the recurrence of Spanish names, in a part of the world upon which no Spanish influence has been brought to bear. The Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Sound of Juan Perez, Valdo, Redonda, Texado, and Carrera, are only a few that have survived. Others have long disappeared under the alien names imposed by later explorers. Mount Edgecumb was once Monte San Jacinto, Queen Charlotte Island—Florida Blanca, Bouquet Inlet—Boca de Quadra.

Of the missionary enterprise that went hand-in-hand with Spanish exploration from the first, and which casts, as it were, a benediction over its worst mistakes and failures, there is no hint in these early records. No region of the world has had to wait so long for the Gospel as the territories of the Northwest. The early history of Alaska is a sordid chronicle of commercial exploitation under imperial charter, lit up by scarce a gleam of idealism. Among its Russian owners there seems to have been a tendency to regard the natives as a sort of half-human fauna, and to shoot them down when they became troublesome with as little compunction as though the furs they brought in to the storehouses grew on their backs. There was no priest at Sitka, the headquarters of the Fur Company, until 1790. The names of a few heroic monks stand out against this background of greed and indifference. Chief of them, and never to be forgotten by Catholics who realize how few are the differences that sever western Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Christian, is the saintly Ivan Veniamof, who died Metropolitan Innocentius of Moscow, and whose labors for thirty years among this disinherited people earned him the title of "Enlightener of the Aleuts."

Yet these poor people, as nearly all who have lived among them admit, are a singularly lovable and attractive race. To their intrepidity and hospitality many a party of lost Arctic explorers owes its safety. They are tenacious and stoical. Living, as they do, face to face with a singularly awe-inspiring nature, where the change of seasons is almost cataclysmic in its grandeur, where day and night are counted by weeks and months, where the Northern Lights dance over the snow like the reflection of a world on fire, and where berg and glacier in springtime break off from the solid ice and go shouting and roaring seawards, something of the tenacity and stoicism has settled in their hearts that comes to humanity when its life is spent in perennial war with elementary forces. Their faces, like those of nearly all races constantly buffeted by wind and cold, are flat; their cheekbones high and prominent; their eyes, narrow and slanting, give ground to the belief that their forefathers wandered from Asia at a time when the Bering Strait was passable. Their religion is the vague pantheism of the North American Indian, complicated by "Shamanism" or cult of an impersonal devil, who represents the malignant aspects of nature and who must be placated by witch-dances and incantations. But they do not worship idols.

Catholic effort in Alaska begins with its cession by Russia to the United States. During the years that immediately followed, a handful of devoted priests, Jesuits and Oblates of Mary Immaculate, brought in the first fruits of the new mission field. But the true history of Catholic effort in Alaska begins with Archbishop Charles John Seghers, Archbishop of Oregon, and protomartyr of the Antarctic.

The life story of this noble prelate, who, almost in our own day and age realized the tragic history of Saint Thomas à Becket, is an amazing human document. Born in 1839, the son of a wealthy commercial family of Ghent, Seghers was ordained a priest at twenty-four years of age, and within a few months of his ordination was evangelizing the Indians of Vancouver Island, and studying their dialects with a view to mission work in Alaska. During the lifetime of Bishop Demers, whom he accompanied to the Vatican Council, his wish to "die as a soldier of Christ on the scene of war, weapons in hand" was denied him again and again. It was not until his own succession to the diocese in 1873 that he was able to put it into effect.

"In his heroism was the Alaska mission life born." It is in these words that Mother Mary Amadeus, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, superioress of the Ursulines of Alaska, writing thirty-two years later from the mother-house at Seattle, describes the impression that the life and death story of this martyr archbishop had made upon her. It is easy to believe that this was not the least factor in deciding her, comparatively late in life, crippled and ailing, to undertake a mission of physical and spiritual salvation among the hapless and benighted people upon whom for the second time in their obscure history the lust of mankind for gold was pouring its hordes of adventurers and prospectors.

Like her Master, born in a stable but of the House of David, Mother Amadeus, though of obscure birth, was of princely descent. Her father, John Dunne, a builder and contractor of Akron, Ohio, was of the authentic line of the princes of Iregan, in Leinster, whose lands had been alienated for their faith and given to a younger and renegade branch under the Stuarts. Amid the arid Protestantism of the "Western Reserve" the Dunne house was an oasis where visiting priests rested and officiated, and it was owing to the

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peculiar circumstances of the time and place that the child made her first communion at the early age of eight. Stories of her childhood and youth show a spiritual precocity and spiritual wilfulness often noticed in the lives of the predestined. As a child she walked out of the village schoolroom when a comment offensive to Catholics was uttered by her teacher. At thirteen, while a child at the Ursuline convent at Cleveland, she took a vow of perpetual chastity. At fifteen she pleaded with the saintly Bishop Rappe that her novitiate might be advanced, obtained his consent, and insisted on her return to the convent late at night that the sisterhood should be awakened and the ceremony of conferring the white cap be performed before she would settle to sleep. The sense of her ultimate vocation seems to have been with her from the very first. "Some day I shall be a missionary in the Rocky Mountains and in Alaska," she was fond of telling her playmates in the middle of a romping game.

The opportunity to carry out the first part of her scheme came to her tragically enough. In 1876 the last concerted stand of the red man in America culminated in the catastrophe of Little Big Horn, and three years later took place the terrible Cheyenne raid, which left a trail of blood and smoke across three states. Thanks largely to the character of General Miles, the work of resettlement that followed its suppression was just. But it was necessarily stringent, and to no one did the hardships of the dispossessed tribes come home with greater force than to Father Elias John Lindesmith, army chaplain at Fort Keogh, one of those obscure missionary priests to whom in the heroic era of mission work providence sometimes accorded the strange destiny of being at once priest and soldier. Returning from one of the long rides in which he covered southeastern Montana questing for souls, dressed in a buckskin suit, his long grey hair floating over his ears from under a fur cap, Father Lindesmith was stopped by a convert Indian with a strange suggestion: "I was thinking, Father, that if you could get some sisters to come among these wild Cheyennes, they could do more than a regiment."

The story of the Tongue River convent, which grew out of these random words, yields in picturesqueness to none of the tales of adventure for which the early history of the wild west is ransacked by plot seekers and scenario hunters. Life for the first nuns was a succession of perils and hardships. Their first resting place was a room in a Chinese laundry with cowboys stamping and singing in a room overhead. Their early meals were of dry crusts and boiled potatoes. Time and again during their journeys to branch missions, their lives were in imminent danger, from floods, wolves, and blizzards. During one of these last, the devoted mother spent the night chafing the hands and feet of her sisters and praying to "Our Lady of the Snows" for, as the sister who tells her story recalls, "Alaska was always the goal of our ambition." Twice the terrible tide of an Indian rising swept over the mission station and soldiers sent out from Fort Keogh were amazed to find the Ursulines, untouched, at their post. In 1887, when the valley of the Big Horn was aflame, the mere appearance of "Makamahehonawihonah," "the great holy white chief woman," at the door of the Agency, was sufficient to turn "Sword-bearer," the Crow Messiah, and his braves, armed and ripe for mischief, into a devoted escort back to the mission.

Between the life of Mother Amadeus and her hero, Archbishop Seghers, there is more than one parallel. Both cherished the dream of a mission to the Esquimaux through busy and crowded years, filled with the cares of administration. Both realized it in the end, and spent their last days amid the snows of the Arctic.

It was September, 1910, when "St. Ursula's by the Sea" was opened at St. Michael, on the very edge of Bering Strait. The little convent was a mere shack "constructed in twenty days of rough boards and tar paper." Scarcely was it erected when the terrible Arctic winter descended. "The anemometer was running ninety miles an hour at the wireless station when it broke, and no further record could be kept. . . . Often during that first winter we sat up all night asking God to save us, for we feared we should be dashed into the Bering as other cabins were." In a letter written by Mother Amadeus herself to give the news of the death of Brother Ulrich Paquin, a Jesuit scholastic who perished in a blizzard, Mother Amadeus draws a picture of the early trials that could not be surpassed for effectiveness: "Three deaths have visited us, and blizzards and hurricanes, the fiercest the Arctics know, have been succeeding one another with a speed of sixty, seventy, ninety miles an hour. Our house trembles and sways in their dread embrace, so that we often hasten to the chapel to beg our Sacramental Lord's protection. Snow piles up within and without, cutting off all vision, and trembling as though lightning were flashing through it."

"Mother had chosen the coldest corner of the dormitory for herself," a sister recalls, "and one of her feet was frozen." To complete the picture of heroism and self-denial, it should be remembered that this pioneer into a wilderness where no white woman had set her feet, was already sixty-six, worn out with administrative cares and long journeys to Rome in the interests of her beloved order, that a terrible medical mishap early in her profession had rendered her, strong and wiry as her physical constitution must have been, a lifelong invalid, and that her thigh had been broken in a railroad accident while on her way to the new mission field. She walked with crutches or a stick to the end of her life.

Nor were the catastrophes that marked the early Catholic missions in North America in the seventeenth century spared to this startling reconstitution of them in the twentieth. Once the frail convent was burnt to

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the ground. In the winter of 1919 influenza, born as many believe in the trenches and shallow graves of the war-front, reached Alaska. "The Yukon became a charnel house. The people were sick, starving, for a cruel quarantine cut them off from St. Michael. . . . Not even the dogs were allowed to run. . . . Our poor people died in great numbers, especially the young mothers, many of them wandering out of their cabins to die in the snow."

It is from the "Kahlekat" letters written year by year from Seattle, which begin invariably with the superscription, "Jesus!" that the story of the Ursuline mission to the Esquimaux is best told. The trials, the toils are those of the saints, which remain constant from generation to generation. But in the keen appreciation of nature's aspects, the relish for what might, in all reverence be termed the "fun" of the missionary's lot, the contemporary note is sounded, time and time again. As we read on we become conscious, not only that holiness has lost none of its vital quality, but that something very fine and very precious has been added to it in our own day by the very sophistications of the modern soul.

Her delight in the quaint doll-like little Esquimaux children, whose stolid faces and slanting eyes peep out from their furry "parkees" and "muck-lucks"; in the great-hearted "husky" dogs who were found sitting on guard around the frozen bodies of lost travelers; her gratitude for the clumsy helpfulness of soldiers, sailors, and trappers, peer out again and again in the chronicles which, too often, were forced to be an appeal for funds to carry on the work in this furthest fringe of the world's mission field. Before the dramas of nature her heart is lifted up to positive rapture, and one feels the poet and painter that was concealed under the rigid habit of Saint Ursula.

"No artist, no musician," writes Mother Amadeus, of the Northern Lights, "could be as harmonious and lavish as is the Aurora. . . . The sky suddenly breaks out into a paean of color. An unwonted light begins, the moon being full and very bright, to radiate in the East. It is as though each crystal in the snowy atmosphere darted out its ray, then, rising, shot across the sky—a sparkling, dazzling centre of light. They are multitudinous, innumerable, they throb and dance and group themselves in clouds of exquisite blue. They dart across the welkin, as waving ribbons of light; they plunge into a sea of crimson in the West."

No conception of the character of Mother Mary Amadeus is possible without some mention of the long and arduous trips into northern Alaska which she made in the closing years of her life from the headquarters of the order at Seattle. In her own letters, which are filled with a sort of rapturous appreciation of the great northland and with gay gossip about the quaint ways of the Eskimo converts, it is idle to expect any record of hardships joyfully borne for Christ. But the account written by one of her sisters of her last two journeys supplies the missing detail. From it we may gather what crucifixion to a woman, old and feeble and lame, in constant pain and only able to take milk as nourishment, the hardships of a journey must have meant that young and strong travelers might be proud to have made and which she undertook six times. In 1915 "storms so violent followed the boat" that she was unable to land at Akulrak, and lay for thirty days in her berth. In 1918, already attacked by her last illness, the heroic nun had to be carried on board the Victoria. During this voyage she was flung across her cabin by heavy seas and reached St. Michael only able to continue her journey to Akulrak by sheer force of will power. It is no wonder that a legend gradually grew up around the woman of whom a fellow-worker had said in earlier days: "All I have to do is to stand Sister Amadeus out on the street corner and she will attract all the children of Toledo," and of whom the Eskimo used to seek word, saying to the mission priests: "Show us the Mother who loves the Innuits." On a journey to Valdez, a gift for the missions, laid upon her table by a passenger of alien faith, bore the following note: "To the Reverend Mother, the lady whose smile is a benediction, whose benign face mirrors the eternal spirit of the living God."

Upon her return to Seattle from her last journey, we are told, she exclaimed when laid upon her deathbed: "It is like Heaven here with my dear nuns about me," and fell into a silence scarcely broken till her death. What was practically a last agony prolonged four months, and during which she was anointed four times, ended on November 10. Every morning, the sisters who slept in a room next to her own would find her "her eyes wide open, smiling at the darkness, her lips moving in prayer." Her body, embalmed and encased in a copper coffin, was borne, by land and sea, to the mission of St. Ignatius, in Montana, and carried to its last resting place at the foot of the Rockies by six Indian chiefs of the Flathead tribe, whose unwearied friend she long had been.

In days when so many faithful servants of the Cross, whose field of labor was the new world, are being raised to our altars, it is hard to believe that Mother Amadeus will wait long for the supreme honors which the Church at her own time, and in her own way, confers upon God's elect. All the elements of heroic sanctity which reach us across centuries are to be found in a life which only closed seven years ago. The ideals which infused it and rendered possible its triumph of spirit over matter may best be read in a text from the prophet Elias appended to the last letter which the noble nun sent from Alaska:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the needy and harborless into thy house. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up."

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

I. CATHOLICS AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

(This, the first of a series of three articles discussing the work to be done by Catholics toward establishing a more nearly perfect world order, is written by the foremost authority on the theme. The Count de Reynold is President of the Catholic Union of International Studies, an organization directly fostered by the reigning Holy Father, and the author of a number of studies pertinent to international relations and universal peace.—The Editors.)

ONE may or may not like the League of Nations, but it is too important to be ignored. Catholics, among others, therefore cannot ignore it. In fact, the activities of the League of Nations never cease to touch problems in which the greatest interests of Catholicism are involved.

For example, the Commission of Mandates deals with the Holy Land; that of transit deals with calendar reforms: on this subject it has been compelled to come to an understanding with the representatives of the churches, beginning with the Catholic Church. When an attempt was made to fix the date for Easter, the Holy See was kind enough to permit the Reverend Gianfranceschi, director of the Nuovi Lincei Academy, to attend, in his personal capacity, a few meetings of a special committee; but when Father Gianfranceschi withdrew, this committee was compelled to interrupt its work. In this instance, the League of Nations could do nothing without the Catholics. The Commission of Intellectual Coöperation, which owns in Paris, as a working organ, the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, located at the Palais Royal, has connections with all the universities, both official and independent; with all the scientific institutions; with all the great associations of intellectuals and scholars. It works in all domains of mental life—science, arts, letters, questions of law and of education; it is the centre of a system of national commissions which have been formed in almost every country, not excepting the United States. The Hygiene Commission, that of opium, that of slavery, that of the traffic in women and children, necessarily deals with moral problems and cannot ignore Catholic work. The Council of the League of Nations itself has under its protection the interests of the minorities, of which several are Catholic minorities, such as those of Roumania, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, Turkey, etc. The question of Upper Silesia, the Polish Lithuanian dispute, the financial restoration of Austria, that of Hungary, the affairs of Albania and others have raised, and will raise incessantly, problems of a religious character, such as the organization of the hierarchy, the status of the clergy, the institutions of learning, the properties of the Church, and the relations between Church and state.

Besides these particular commissions, there are in the League of Nations forms of more general activity, which cannot leave Catholics indifferent—for instance, all the work done in remolding and in codifying international law, in establishing a new system of international relations, in defining a new conception of the society of man. Can the League of Nations ignore here, and can we permit it to ignore, the principles of Christian international law, the Catholic doctrine relating to peace and to war, the long and glorious juridical and philosophical tradition of a Church which was that of the peace of God and of the truce of God, of the armies of peace and of chivalry, of pontifical arbitration? Can it ignore, and can we permit it to ignore, Saint Augustine, Pope Innocent III, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Pope Leo XIII, and Pope Benedict XV? Without the sovereign Papacy, the international organization of the contemporaneous world will always be incomplete.

But then we discern, if not in the League of Nations itself, at least around the League of Nations, another tendency and this an exceedingly dangerous one, which can be expressed in one word—laicism. As is known, laicism consists in opposing to the Christian churches and particularly to the Catholic Church, a lay church for the adoration of humanity. This lay church has dogmas; for example, the brotherhood of man, and indefinite progress. It seeks to spread this cult of humanity, these dogmas, and to impose them by teaching. The apostles of laicism are the freemasons, the radicals, socialists, the internationalists of strict observance, and a large part of the Jews—especially the Jewish freethinkers. They have allies among the liberal and agnostic Protestants and can depend on the "secular power" of many governments. Now these laicists have a fervency for the League of Nations which at times embarrasses the latter. They consider it as their own, as their work; they seek to use it to dominate the world as if it were their Vatican.

This state of mind reigns less in the League of Nations itself, which is an official institution, an association of governments, than in the private and irresponsible groups which have been formed since 1918 in order to make propaganda for the League of Nations. I have in mind the national associations for the League of Nations and the international congresses which are held every year, sometimes in one capital, sometimes in another. Since 1919, each of these congresses has given expression to some very significant

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resolutions bearing the impress of still more significant persons.

Thus, the conference held by these associations in Brussels on the first three days of December, 1919, following a report presented by Mr. F. Buisson, passed a resolution tending to have the League of Nations create a permanent bureau for education and science. The year following in Milan, from October 12 to 16, the same conference discussed and approved the following program: "International Bureau of Education, analogous to the International Bureau of Labor. All nations and all private institutions shall include, in the program of all schools, compulsory teaching concerning the League of Nations and the duties of citizens toward it; all manuals of history will have to be purified in a pacifist sense; finally, an annual celebration of the League of Nations shall be instituted, a compulsory celebration and holiday, observed by the entire world." (A Chinese even proposed that it should last three days.) I add that it was Mr. Aulard who presided over the special commission where these three resolutions were formulated. In the month of June, 1921, this time in Geneva, the same conference again came back to the same subject. The commission which had especial charge of pedagogical and propaganda matters was then presided over by the late Mr. Quartier LaTente, chief of the Swiss freemasons and, shortly thereafter, general secretary of the International Bureau of Freemasonry in Geneva. These names cannot but be suspicious to Catholics: it is well to recall here that at the Congress of Warsaw in May, 1925, Mr. Aulard made such a violent attack against them and against the Church that several Polish delegates left the hall.

Certainly we must not exaggerate the influence of these laicists and of these internationalists in the League of Nations itself. They are irresponsible and the League of Nations is itself responsible. Their influence is thus not very strong, but it exists. Since the combination of parties obtained power in France—and this power has not yet been entirely lost—this influence has been increasing. Was it not the Herriot ministry that offered, in 1924, to create, for the Commission of Intellectual Coöperation, the institute that is now installed in the Palais Royal? But when the League of Nations accepts a dangerous proposition, it hastens to filter it and to reduce it to a minimum acceptable to all. It is thus that the International Bureau of Education dreamed of by Messrs. Buisson, Aulard and allies became the Commission of Intellectual Coöperation, for which, up to the present time, Catholics have had only praise. It is thus that the propositions made to the assembly in 1925 by the delegations of Haiti, of Uruguay, and of Chili—propositions absolutely dangerous since they aimed to have the League of Nations interfere in the domain of education, thus complying with the resolutions of the congresses of Brussels, Milan, and Geneva—resulted in a small committee of experts entrusted only with the consideration of methods by which the existence and aims of the League of Nations could be made known in the schools. Education in the true sense of the word will remain forbidden ground. But for how long? This first step was taken on tiptoes; but it is a first step nevertheless, and we must keep our eyes open.

These facts suffice to determine exactly what the attitude of Catholics should be in regard to the League of Nations:

First, we have said that they cannot ignore it. On the contrary, their duty is to follow its activity very closely. Here, ignorance or indifference would be much more harmful than hostility itself.

Second, they must watch that Catholic interests are not lost sight of by the League of Nations, but that it considers them and reserves for Catholicism that share of influence which it has a right to exert in Geneva. But for this it is necessary that Catholicism, as Catholicism, be represented there.

Third, it is the duty of Catholics to acknowledge in the idea itself, in the principles and in the aims of the League of Nations, an idea profoundly Christian, an idea which the Church represents and has never ceased to promote from the time of the downfall of the Roman empire and of the invasion by the barbarians—the unity of the Christian world, the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ, by truth and justice, by the application of Christian laws and morals to international life. Does not the term, League of Nations, translate very exactly the formula, societas civitatum, used by Saint Augustine in his treatise, De Civitate Dei? We must constantly remind the League of Nations that the Church is its mother, that consequently it has some duties toward the Church, if Catholics have duties toward it.

But these duties of Catholics toward the League of Nations should not consist in accepting everything from it. On the contrary, it is necessary to know how to make a very exact distinction between the League of Nations as principle and as idea, and the League of Nations as it exists today. The idea of the League of Nations can and even must rally Catholics, but the present reality of the League of Nations can and must at times make them suspicious. Catholics do not have to make a free propaganda in favor of the League of Nations, if their mission consists in working for international peace and morality.

In short, the League of Nations, as it is, is neither the work of God nor the work of the devil, but the very imperfect, and doubtless temporary, work of man. It is not a question of kneeling before it nor of exorcising it. It is a question of sustaining it in all the good, and opposing it in all the evil, which it does.

The attitude of Catholics toward the League of Nations would be much easier if the Holy See and the League of Nations would not ignore each other,

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and if there existed between these two powers some official relations. Unfortunately (more for the League of Nations than for the Holy See) the latter was kept away from the League of Nations by the veto of an Italy which had not yet had the crucifixes replaced in the schools, nor manifested toward the Church the respect that is shown it by the government of Mussolini. The League of Nations having ignored the Holy See, and still ignoring it, the Holy See can only ignore the League of Nations—since it is above the League of Nations, as eternity is above time. At any rate, the Holy See will never take the first step toward the League; it will wait for that body to make the first step toward it, with the patience of a divine institution for which time does not matter.

But Catholics themselves cannot forget this insult to the Papacy, nor are they satisfied with the present situation. That is why they never cease to speak on every occasion against this political exclusivism. From this, moreover, derives the principal reason of the coldness which the majority of Catholics still manifest toward the League. That is also why many Catholics, as, for instance, Reverend de la Brière, have been studying how official relations may be established between the Holy See and the League of Nations.

The idea that the Holy See could be a member of the League of Nations with the same title and with the same rights as the other states, has now been abandoned. In fact, one no longer visualizes the Papacy taking part in purely political or economic litigations, compromising itself in all the questions which the League is more or less obliged to settle. The Holy See can only enter into communication with the League as a superior with an inferior, and from the outside, and only in questions concerning Catholicism or morals. It may be possible to consider, for instance, direct diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the League of Nations, and the right of the Holy See to send to Geneva pontifical delegates whenever the participation of the Papacy is desired, either by it or by the League. A solution of this kind would have been possible even two or three years ago. At that time, the League was weaker than it is now, and therefore had more need of conciliating a moral force as considerable as that of the Church.

We know how much Viscount Cecil had been impressed, coming back from the United States in 1923, by the powerful organization of the American Catholics, which had revealed to him the power of the Church itself. But since that time, political events in France and elsewhere have given to laicism and to anti-clericalism the new life and recrudescence of ambition they manifest today. Furthermore, the governments themselves seem better to understand the importance of the League of Nations. The question has therefore been adjourned—but only adjourned, because the League will always need Rome more than Rome will need it. In many parliaments the Catholics form numerous and influential parties, very strongly organized, which could unite themselves with adversaries of the League for the purpose of refusing the annual credits which sustain the institution in Geneva. If two or three European countries, even if they are of little importance, should refuse their share of the credit and should leave the League, the latter would be in very bad condition. This demonstration is purely theoretical because it is very doubtful that such a case may present itself, but it suffices to make us realize that a conflict between Catholics and the League would do more damage to the latter than to the Church. The moral authority of the Church is not of such a nature that a young and feeble international organization could venture to dispense with it for any length of time.

But as long as there do not exist any official relations between the Holy See and the League, it will depend upon the private initiative of Catholics, at their risk and peril, and under their own responsibility, without engaging that of the ecclesiastical authorities, to represent and to defend the Catholic interest in that body.

In a further article, I shall attempt to show how this is possible, and what already has been done for the representation and the defense of Catholic interests under the League of Nations.

Brother and Sister

(*Translated from the Swedish of Albert Ulrik Baath*)

It's certain she still feels big somehow,
Although but a drudge in a kitchen slaving,
As she sees on her only brother's brow
The white student's cap he looks so brave in.

The chorus echoes along the street
As the banners flutter. She knows her brother's
High voice outringing so clear and sweet
In tones that soar above all the others.

There are words about spring in the songs that roll
Where she stands by a misty pane of the kitchen;
They fill each corner and whirl in her soul,
As with a sunbeam the motes shine rich in.

That's he now. Surely he'll cast a glance
Where she is hid by the grimy curtain.
But he turns away, as it seems by chance,
To pass with the others, his face averting.

He couldn't have nodded. She should have feigned
That she did not expect him to show he knew her.
His comrades maybe would not have refrained
From ribald jokes had he spoken to her.

Her worn hands fall to their task again,
And she fights with the sobs her breast is hiding,
While she hears the notes of the glad refrain
About truth and spring far away subsiding.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

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THE ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE PROGRAM

By F. N. BLUNDELL

THE Conservative party in England is built up of a number of different schools of thought, each of which has a certain influence on its social program. In consequence the orientation of the program has in the past varied considerably from time to time, and it is only recently that its direction has tended to become constant under the influence of Mr. Baldwin.

Of the elements which build up the party there is on the extreme Right the type which would probably be called Conservative in most of the countries of Europe. This type taking as its text, "The poor we have always with us," would so apply it that the poor would always be the same poor, and the rich the same rich. They think that any change in the existing order of things would be a change for the worse; and they sigh at frequent intervals for "the good old days" when privilege set an even clearer dividing line between rich and poor than at present. They are usually personally benevolent, honest, and consistent. Their contribution to any social program is to supply the function of a brake. Their numbers are small and their influence decreasing.

Next to them we have a considerable section of men who consider social progress to be desirable but are afraid of going too far. They seldom consider that the time is ripe for action at any particular moment. They dread lest a program of "social reform" may become a competition for votes, in which the parties may bid against one another. They are quite honest in this belief and have some grounds for their opinion. This section is drawn mainly from the landed and military classes, and its members have in consequence some experience of and sympathy for working men. They appreciate many of their difficulties, but do not wholly sympathize with their aspirations. They are honest and patriotic, and in spite of their timidity they would, under good leadership, support progressive movements.

The Centre of the party is formed by members drawn from so many sources that it is difficult to classify. There is the remains of the old Liberal Unionist party with its roots in the Manchester School. There is the financial interest which, while in personal sympathy it may be found anywhere between the extreme Right and the extreme Left, in politics mainly follows the point of view of the banks. The large industrial representation is a danger to the party in that, like the Trade Union element opposite, it is largely concerned with sectional interests. It is mainly protectionist provided its own particular interests are protected, and it is opportunist in that it would easily abandon one leader for another more favorable to its view at the moment. Some are Conservatives by conviction, and some because "they have not got a better 'ole to go to." They vary greatly in their attitude toward the working classes. Some are genuinely sympathetic, and others merely regard them as "hands" represented by Trade Union leaders with whom they are in constant and intricate negotiation. The mass is leavened by outstanding men whose knowledge and sympathy are beyond question. These men are usually actual employers themselves, and not the representatives of employing interests. On the whole, the industrial element is far the least attractive in the party.

Still, in the Centre we find another large group representing professional and commercial as opposed to manufacturing interests. This is again a very varied body and represents many different shades of opinion. On the whole, this section is progressive according to its lights, but is out of touch with working-class aspirations and its ideals are somewhat dimmed by the glare of money.

The Left of the party is composed chiefly of young men, most of whom fought in the world war. They are representative of many professions and occupations, and, in so far as there is a definite link between them, it is that while they repudiate the fallacies of Socialism, they are intensely anxious to improve the social conditions and in particular the status of the people at large. Some of them profess to hark back to Disraeli, others are followers of the late Lord Milner, others again drifted into politics without a very definite objective and found that objective in the practical idealism of Mr. Baldwin. This section of the party has many differences of opinion internally, but is united in its support of the present Prime Minister. Some take a definitely Christian point of view, and others do not go beyond a desire for a purely material improvement in the conditions of the people.

Such is a very rough and broad classification of the elements inside the Conservative party which influence in varying degrees its social program. Foreign readers must bear in mind that there is no organization into groups within an English party, and that there is much overlapping of the different sections of opinion. Although, as has been said, there has been a good deal of vagueness in direction in the past, there have been certain principles underlying all Conservative social efforts. Progressive Conservatives have always desired in the first place to help people to help themselves, and in the second place to help people to own property in some form or other. It may fairly be argued against us that, in the past, we have not adequately given effect to these principles. Nevertheless, there have always been Conservatives putting them forward, and trying to get them generally adopted.

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Cases in point are the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act of 1891, and Mr. Jesse Collin's Land Purchase bill, which he and others fought for pertinaciously for many a year, though they did not succeed in putting it on the statute book.

Apart from this side of social progress, Conservatives in the past have always been solicitous for the welfare of the workers. The first Factories' Act was passed by them and they were also responsible for the original Workman's Compensation Act. The Liberal party extended the principle of making provision for the unfortunate by adding the Health Insurance and Unemployment Insurance Acts on the contributory principle. Conservatives can, however, claim the credit of being the first to give a lead to public opinion in favor of the state controlling the conditions of labor on the one hand, and making provision for those unable to labor on the other. By the Widows, Orphans, and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act of last year, Mr. Baldwin took a further step in the direction of providing against the accidents of life and giving a moderate security to the worker.

The Conservatives do not regard these provisions as anything more than palliatives. They hope, however, that the Act last referred to may, by giving a real inducement to thrift, have more far-reaching results in the way of benefit to the people than the actual provisions of the Act could give. They hope, and this is the particular aspiration of the younger members of the party, by other measures to conduce to what has been well called "a property-owning democracy." The Housing Act of 1923 is an example of their method. By this Act if a man can make a small deposit he can obtain an advance of 90 percent of the cost of a house, and pay back the cost by instalments of interest and sinking fund over a period of twenty years. These instalments usually amount to less than he would otherwise have paid in rent. The government is proposing an extension of small-holdings on an ownership basis, and this will receive warm support from the progressive elements. It also intends to bring in legislation to provide credit for farmers who desire to purchase their holdings on the basis of reducible mortgages. All this legislation tends to a better distribution of property, affords help to those willing to help themselves, and, perhaps most important, improves the status of those who avail themselves of the help offered by giving them a position of independence.

Though Mr. Baldwin, supported by a majority of his party, is advancing on these lines, there is a considerable measure of opposition. The Widows' Pensions Act was objected to by the industrialists as laying too heavy a burden on industry, and by other sections of opinion as being too nearly akin to "Socialism." This word is worked very hard at times, and is used as a label to mark all sorts of proposals which are disapproved of, without any regard to its appropriateness. It is quite true that a period of trade depression is not the best time in which to introduce a measure of social insurance, but it was probably necessary for Mr. Baldwin to carry his bill without delay in order to prove the sincerity of his party in carrying out their election program. Further objection was made that this bill would have the effect of starting a competition in social legislation between the different parties which would result in the demoralization of the electorate. This would be a real danger if the party were in unscrupulous hands, but it is not; it might also be argued that if the electorate is ready to be demoralized, instruments of demoralization will spring up whatever the present leader may do.

In spite of opposition from within the party to this particular bill, there is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin is in a stronger position than ever, and that his personal following in the party is even larger than before. If industrial and financial conditions enable him to continue his progress toward a "property-owning democracy" he will undoubtedly carry the bulk of his party with him.

While this fostering of self-help by the individual, combined with the provision of a moderate security for the less fortunate worker, is the distinguishing note of Conservative social policy, there are many other forms of social activity which it promotes in common with other parties. Such are the general improvement of housing conditions, the clearance of slums, the increase of educational facilities, and the promotion of general welfare schemes, such as maternity centres, etc. There is little to choose between the policies of the different parties under these heads; some lay more stress on one point and some on another.

With regard to welfare work a word must be said which applies to all parties. The Christianity of the English people is unfortunately in the main a Protestant Christianity and therefore carries with it a Protestant mentality. This implies a very confused view of the position of the family, which is not confined to any one party. There is a regrettable tendency to consider the individual apart from the family, combined with a complete ignorance of moral theology. The result is that many well-meaning people, who would certainly call themselves Christians, agitate at frequent intervals for easier divorce generally, greater facilities for divorce for the poor in particular, and the teaching of contraconceptive methods at maternity centres. Many of these advocates are in effect complete materialists, but the Anglican Church as a body and the Nonconformist Churches as a body, though in each case there are many exceptions, are quite unsound on all these matters. Many Anglicans are undoubtedly uncomfortable when arguing in favor of these doctrines, and endeavor to shelter themselves behind a smoke-screen of sentimentality. They say, for example, that while reprobating the practice of birth control in general, they think it justifiable in the case of women in bad health, or of persons who might

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transmit an hereditary disease, or even of persons whose economic position would be lowered if they had a number of children. The moral issue seems to escape them altogether. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury in opposing a resolution in favor of the teaching of contraceptive methods at maternity centres in a recent debate in the House of Lords, based his opposition solely on the ground that there were plenty of voluntary agencies for those who wanted them, and objected only to the use of public money. The moral question was raised only by the Catholic Lord Fitz-Alan. This statement by the Archbishop has been hailed by those in favor of birth control as one which "happily completely separates the Church of England from the Church of Rome on this important national issue."

The Labor party is equally unsound on this question and a resolution on similar lines to the above was carried by a large majority at the recent National Conference of the Independent Labor party, though this does not, of course, commit the Labor party as a whole.

The Catholic Church is thus, as ever, the one bulwark for the protection of family life and Christian idealism. Happily, however, there are in all parties a number of men, not of our faith and sometimes not of any faith, who accept in the main the Catholic point of view. Apart from this Protestant mentality and consequent confusion of thought, the Conservative party is according to its lights a Christian party; it is the defender of religious education, and is in general a defender of the rights and prestige of the churches.

Transmutation

Have you heard silence singing in the twilight,
When all was hushed and grey,
When black and still across white pools unrippled
The shadows lay?
When from the marshlands rose the mists upcurling,
And not a wind-breath stirred,
And not a cricket quavered from the meadow,
Nor note of bird—
Have you heard silence murmurously singing
Into your ear,
A magic music wrung from depth of shadow
And of fear?

Have you seen beauty blooming in the wasteland,
Where all lay parched and white
Beneath the terror of the all-revealing,
Enshrouding light?
When noon lay level on the tortured prairie
Where cloud-shapes never pass,
And dew drips not upon the rough-thorned cactus
And tawny grass—
Have you seen beauty, starry-petaled, blooming
Before your eyes,
The desert-rose that blossoms from the anguish
Of burning skies?

ELEANOR DOWNING.

LIFE IN LITHUANIA

By JOSEPH KONCEVICIUS

THE Lithuanians are one of the oldest nations in Europe and were located in prehistoric times by the Baltic Sea. Lithuania was, however, amongst the latest of the European nations to receive the Christian faith. For over two centuries the most strenuous efforts were made and every possible measure was employed, by the Knights of the Sword from the East and the Knights of the Cross from the West, to spread Christianity in Lithuania, but without success. The Lithuanians were not afraid to accept Christianity, but they did fear the influence of other nations upon their national and political affairs, and thus it was that they remained true to their pagan beliefs.

Iagela, the Grand Duke of Lithuania, in 1386 married the Catholic Polish queen, Jadwiga, becoming himself a Catholic and so giving encouragement and impetus to the general introduction of Christianity to the country. The propagators of the Faith in Lithuania were Poles and from this time for over four centuries the Catholic Church in Lithuania was subject to Polish influence and was, in fact, dependent upon a Polish province in matters of administration.

In 1569 Lithuania and Poland were united and this union endured until the so-called Poland-Lithuania partition by Russia, Austria, and Germany in 1795, following which the Church in Lithuania was placed under the administration of a Russian province and so remained until the outbreak of the European war in 1914. From 1915 to 1919 Lithuania was under German occupation. Altogether, from the consummation of the union with Poland at Lublin (1569) until Lithuania regained her independence, three and a half centuries had passed. Throughout those centuries Lithuania, from the national and economic standpoints, suffered much and lost much, but in the matter of religious faith she remained true always to the Catholic Church.

Lithuania always strove for independence. The ideals voiced by the late President Wilson, of independence for all small nations then under the domination of their larger and stronger neighbors, afforded encouragement to the Lithuanian people and inspired them to greater effort. At the end of the European war they saw their dearest hope realized in the regained independence of the nation. This independence was not won by Lithuania without many serious struggles with her neighbors, especially with Bolshevik Russia and with Poland. Lithuania has now adjusted her difficulties with her neighbors, except those with Poland under whose occupation part of Lithuania still remains. Not less severe were the struggles which the country was called upon to wage in defense of her religious faith during this period, particularly against the propaganda of Bolshevik Russia.

It is true that 75 percent of Lithuania's population is Catholic, but this population is represented by some fifteen political parties ranging from extreme communistic to extreme conservative. These parties, however, are reduced in the ultimate to two outstanding parties, namely, the Christian and Anti-Christian parties. At the present time the Christian Democrats (Catholic) are in power with an absolute majority of three representatives in the national parliament. The President and members of the cabinet are all Catholics.

The Catholic Church in independent Lithuania had achieved no real organization for the reason that part of its population was under the jurisdiction of a German province, part under

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a Polish province, and the remaining portion within Lithuania itself. On Easter Sunday of this year Pope Pius XI announced the formation of a distinct Lithuanian province with one archbishopric at Kaunas and four bishoprics, at Telsei, Panevezys, Kasedoriai and Vilkaviskis respectively. The organization of the new province was entrusted by the Holy Father to the Nuncio, Archbishop Matulevicius, formerly bishop of Vilna, which part of Lithuania is now under Polish occupation. Bishop Matulevicius was caused to resign his see at Vilna in 1925, following upon which the Pope created him titular archbishop and appointed him Papal Nuncio to Lithuania.

Of the three newly consecrated Lithuanian bishops, one, Monsignor Stangaitis, had been president of the Lithuanian parliament; another, Dr. Rainys, had been a member of the cabinet with the portfolio of Foreign Minister; while the third, Monsignor Paltarokas, is a former vice-rector of the Priests' Seminary at Kaunas. Bishop Skvireckas is the newly appointed metropolitan of Lithuania and Archbishop of Kaunas. Bishop Karevicius has been appointed titular archbishop.

It was in 1250 that Grand Duke Mindeugas endeavored to establish a province in Lithuania, an effort which did not meet with continuing success. Now the ambition of Lithuanian Catholics has been realized. There is something prophetic in the fact that this year, on Resurrection Day, the Lithuanian people saw the birth of a new Church province within their borders. From it they receive new strength and courage to resist the adverse influences by which they are beset, greater determination to remain independent as a nation and faithful as a people to the Catholic Church.

ALCHEMISTS OLD AND NEW

THE alchemists of mediaeval days were bent on finding out two things—first of all, how to prepare the elixir of life; and secondly, how to transmute base metals into gold. They worked on true philosophical principles, for the basis of their idea was that all things were composed of the same prime matter and differed because of their substantial forms. Now substantial forms can be changed, as in ordinary chemical transformations, and if this is so, why should it not be true of metals?

When Boyle, in 1661, published his Skyptical Chymist, and appeared to show that all the so-called elements were "ab initio," and unalterably different, it seemed as though an end had been put to the labors of the alchemists. In fact, from that time on, but little was heard of them.

Then came the radio-activity discoveries which showed that there was no such difference between the elements as had been supposed, but that what distinguished one from another was the number of units of negative electricity-electrons, and of positive electricity-protons, which the atom of each contained. Such being the case, it became clear that, theoretically, by the abstraction or addition of one electron or proton, one element might be turned into another, and thus the road was clear for a new alchemy—for the attempt to transmute one metal into another. Not long ago, Professor Adolphe Miethe, of the celebrated Technical School at Charlottenburg in Germany, declared that he had actually been able to make gold out of quicksilver or mercury by the action of an intense electric arc on the metal in a quartz receptacle. Were this true, what must have happened was either the addition of another electron or the removal of a proton from the atom of mercury.

Shortly after this, two chemists, Smits and Karsen, working in Amsterdam, declared that they had been able to split up lead into two other elements—a much more difficult problem, since the vaporization of lead requires a far greater heat than that of mercury. Yet after ten hours' subjection to the arc, they declared that the lead spectrum disappeared and was replaced by those of mercury and of thallium—a very rare metal. This experiment, if confirmed, shows that what was theoretically possible—namely, the breaking up of one element into others—has practically been accomplished; but it does not show that Miethe was right in saying that he had made gold out of mercury.

Next to attack the problem was the Chemical Institute of the Berlin University, the experts at which came to the conclusion that the mercury used by Miethe could not have been quite pure. It is difficult, but possible, to procure mercury from a perfectly gold-free source, and it seems to be practically impossible to rid mercury infected with gold from all the latter impurity —even after several distillations in vacuo. The Berlin men distilled their mercury three times, but did not obtain results corroborating Miethe.

The Scientific American, with commendable spirit, then set to work to solve the problem, and placed the investigations which they were arranging in the hands of Professor Sheldon, of the physics department of New York University, and his assistant, Mr. Estey. These investigators employed mercury obtained from a gold-free source, and in the first instance, used a lamp of their own construction which they considered to be an improvement on that of Miethe, but later resorted to a replica of that which he had employed, which was made for them in Germany. The results of their investigations showed that this gold-free mercury did not, in fact, transmute into gold, nor show any tendency in that direction, the assumption being that the mercury used by Miethe could not have been quite free from gold. Thus the work of the Berlin observers has been corroborated. Nevertheless, what has been shown is that the method employed has not yet turned mercury into gold—not that mercury cannot be turned into gold. That feat may yet be accomplished. When, if ever, it is, it will not make gold any cheaper, for the infinitesimal amounts produced will have been brought into existence at an expense immensely beyond their own value. It will be the story of artificial diamonds over again.

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POEMS

Barbara Goes to School

Wee Barbara, not many little girls
May walk to school along an elm-aisled street,
With trees so very high above their heads
And trees so very near their hands and feet.
Now, Barbara, don't tell your teacher this,
For, if you're late, she'll blame it all on me—
But sometime, on your way to school, stand still
And listen to these elm trees quietly.
You think they cannot speak, but oh, they can,
Though they don't say a word and never will,
But they, unlike most men, yet much like God,
Can say wise things by simply keeping still.
So, stop and listen, and I know you'll hear
Great truths (I shouldn't like this news to reach her)
Yes, greater truths than hers; for elm trees are
Oh, ever so much wiser than your teacher!
And though they teach you lovely, silent things
About the sky and stars and God and men,
They'll let you keep them always in your head,
And never want to know them back again!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

Elegy

(*For a girl buried beneath oak trees.*)

If slender feet would care to go
Where old and silent oaks have dropped
Acorns in the live-forever leaves,
Their steps would be stopped.

But while she sleeps there is the sound
Of falling acorns overhead,
Something like summer running on the ground
To entertain the dead.

And there is pleasanter company,
As yellow grasses on a hill,
But she would never sleep in such a place
Nor keep her feet still.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Hôtel Lobby

This tragic withering of eyes
Is due to lack of exercise;
For eyes can only be kept clean
By seeing what we call unseen;
They grow irrevocably dead
When the heart does not rule the head;
When habit, and not happiness,
Not body, but the outward dress—
The fact, not the intense ideal—
Are taken for the only real.
Then eyes fall from their state as stars,
And glow like nearly gone cigars.

S. FOSTER DAMON.

You Who Give Yourself

When the self-glorifying flowers
Rise smothering about your coffin,
Distracting attention to themselves
And away from your completed face
Wearing the smile of long-deferred fulfillment;

When sacerdotal words press heavily
Upon your dead and faithful lips,
Crushing their earthly fragrance
Like planks on violets;

When you slip deeper, deeper in your satin box,
Your delicate feet reaching the silken end,
Your thick bronze hair brushing the final height,
Your generous hands touching the smooth white nearness;

Will you, who give yourself to others,
Your hours and your goods,
Sigh in a glad bewilderment:
"This is my own!"

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

Kind Hands

Your heart was at my feet, you said;
I could not leave it there,
And so I stooped to where it lay,
And lifted it with care.

But as I held it in my hands
And wondered what to do,
It changed into a little bird,
And far away it flew,

Across the cloud-flecked summer sky,
Without a glance behind
To where I stood with empty hands,
Because I had been kind.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

Interlude for Harp

If beauty leans unto your face
More sure than roses to a mirror,
Be grateful at such fleeting grace,
But know how sorrowing is nearer.

You will be grieved when beauty goes,
To strive remembering will pain;
A mirror does not hold a rose,
But you will look and look in vain.

We cannot keep each loveliness,
Though wishing is not ever done,
And we are saddened then no less
Than Israel in Babylon.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

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COMMUNICATIONS

VICARIOUS BEAUTY

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—If it is not trespassing upon your generosity may I suggest a continuation of the imaginary conversation started by your correspondent, D. T. Powell, in The Commonweal of June 2:

Cleric:—"Your taste in cigars is undeniable. I gladly take a second one. You said just now that you laymen go to church to get spiritual stimulation. I am afraid that the remark reminds me of the electric sign that our neighbor, Reverend Septimus Goodfellow, has installed in front of his church: 'The Church That Cheers.'"

Laic:—"My dear Father, I protest. Such vulgarity is atrocious. Surely you can see the difference between an appreciation of beauty and what is practically a denial of it."

Cleric:—"Tastes differ. That which stimulates what you have called the negligible cultured minority does not stimulate your 'mid-grade morons.' As you have suggested, 'the tabloids, the movies, and the confessional magazines' have taken advantage of this fact. That is why I maintained that if the laity were to be responsible for the arrangement of the church services they would prefer Nearer My God to Thee to the Dies Irae. Goodfellow goes in for stimulation, and as he wants to get the crowd he gives the crowd what stimulates them. One who passes for a clever thinker has said that brass bands are very spiritual things. I am afraid that I must repeat my objection that you resent the crowd."

Laic:—"I do not resent the crowd. I do object to the low 'development of their philosophy of taste.' That is why I urge you to do something for the younger generation."

Cleric:—"My dear friend, in this I agree with you entirely. In order to reach the understanding of the younger generation we must preach sermons that children of twelve. . . ."

Laic:—"Pardon me, Father. You are taking me up unfairly. When I spoke of the younger generation, I did not speak of children."

Cleric:—"You think, then, that the younger generation who have passed childhood will be stimulated more successfully by what you call intelligent sermons. Is this true to experience? I doubt it. My friend, we are at cross purposes. The contact with Protestantism has confused our ideas of worship. We do not go to church to escape reality nor indeed to seek it. We go to worship it. We go to give rather than to get. The worship of the 'ages of faith' was beautiful because it was real. I doubt if anyone at that time ever gave the least thought to its stimulating effects. But I see that the hour is late and I am reminded that I have some prayers to say. I must go."

REV. EDWARD HAWKS.

ON FORGIVENESS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Forgiveness (in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly, by George Herbert Palmer, professor emeritus of philosophy at Harvard) is so generous and noble an appeal to practical Christianity that it deserves comment in your columns.

Professor Palmer defines forgiveness, and applies his definition to present international conditions arising out of the war and to the aftermath of hatred and distrust persisting in spite of the fact that the rising generation has all but forgotten the war.

His essay is practically Christian because quite simply and as a matter of course he treats Christian principles as the motive power of our actions.

I am profoundly impressed by the space given in all our monthly magazines to matters of applied religion; religion understood, not merely as a sentiment or an aspiration, but as a living force in the individual; by the return to Christ, the search for Christ, and the regulation of one's personal acts by His teaching, whether one believes Him to be divine or to have been merely human. There is a true basis of Christian unity: in the gradual emergence of, and emphasis upon the common ground of religion, followed by gradual elimination of differences based upon inherited prejudice or ignorance of each other's thought rather than upon knowledge and reason. That is, I think, the true American way and may well be America's contribution to Christianity.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

SOCIAL CREDIT

Saskatoon, Sask.

TO the Editor:—Does Mr. Philip F. Nowlan, the writer of the letter [Social Credit] in your issue of May 12, desire us to take his contribution seriously?

If so, well he ends a paragraph with the remark: "doesn't it all sound rather silly?" I agree.

Canada is extremely fortunate in her position, and Canadians are well able to sum up the respective merits and demerits of the inhabitants of both the United States and Great Britain. You recently commented on G. K. C.'s attitude toward your country. I sometimes wonder what he would think if he surveyed the scene from this side of the border.

May I suggest to Mr. Nowlan, in all sincerity, that somehow or other he place himself on the other side of the border and reweigh the value of his effort to amuse readers who have some acquaintance with the Douglas theorem.

W. DIAMOND.

THE ORDER OF PIUS IX

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In reading over Week by Week in The Commonweal of June 16, I find a small error which I take the liberty of calling your attention to. In speaking of the high honor paid Mr. James J. Phelan of Boston, by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, in conferring upon Mr. Phelan the distinction of a Knight Commander of the Order of Pius IX, you state: "No other American has received this distinction." Two years ago Mr. Henry Heide, New York City, received the same distinction for his great and noble work in aid of the starving and suffering children and religious of Central Europe.

WILHELMINE SCHEPPEGRELL-KEPPLER.

(Editors' Note:—We are glad to print the above rectification of an error which was made generally by the press. It may be added that Mr. Heide's own modesty has contributed not a little to the public forgetfulness of the honor conferred on him for services which, in their way, are epic in character.)

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Plays for the Negro Theatre

PAUL GREEN is an instructor in philosophy in one of our southern universities—North Carolina. His plays—none of which has yet reached the New York stage, although several of them have been produced by important little theatre groups—center for the most part in territory and about types of men and women whom he knows, the Negroes and the whites of a limited area in his own state. All six of the plays now published under the title, Lonesome Road*, are about the Negro and his relations to the dominant white population; plays which we must regard as the contribution of a man of extraordinarily sensitive feeling and intuition. He has tried to make us see more clearly the inner tragedy of the black race, of the Negro who dreams and aspires and never attains as he treads his lonely way from birth to death on a road which he can share with no other man.

The value and interest of these plays is three-fold—dramatic, in that they have an amazing theatrical vigor and poignancy; educational, in that they profess, at least, to rest on accurate observation of many slightly known phases of Negro life and character; racial, in that they furnish definite material for that rapidly developing phase of American life, the emergence of the Negro as a histrionic artist, thus releasing to him one important channel of useful and constructive action. Barrett Clark, who writes the introduction to these plays, is convinced that Green is doing for American drama what the writers of the spirituals have done for Negro music. If true, this is of great importance, because it gives the Negro something that he can call his own—a chance for healthy expression in a field other than that of heavy manual labor without at the same time throwing him into competition with the whites.

If you stop to consider it, this possession of something peculiarly one's own is the essence of that freedom of intellect and emotional force without which political freedom is a bit of a farce. So long as the drama in this country meant purely white drama, the unsuspected talents of the Negro were relegated to, and limited by, the minstrel show and vaudeville clowning. Now there seems to be some promise that, with plays directly written for the Negro theatre, he may have his chance to express for us the serious as well as the comic phases of his life, the hopes, the aspirations, and the blights which he experiences, and thus win from all the respect due him as a man without in any way trying to bridge the barrier that sets the black and white races apart. If Mr. Green is really accomplishing what his admirers believe, his work deserves serious attention for its value in racial development and concord, quite apart from the inherent dramatic worth of the plays themselves.

The same can be said for their educational value, once we accept the validity of his observations. Throughout the bleak and tragic pages of Lonesome Road, one theme seems to stand out above all others—the double-edged fate which seems to strike all those Negroes in the South who try seriously to elevate themselves above their fellows, either through motives of personal advancement, or through a more altruistic desire to be helpful to their race. Here we have, perhaps, a problem which is not quite universal. It inheres rather in the conditions of the South itself, where the numerically inferior whites resent any effort of the blacks to encroach on their own fields of education and commerce, and where the blacks themselves still hover timidly under the shadow of the slave tradition. The aspiring Negro, according to Mr. Green, finds himself opposed, not only by the whites, but by his own race as well. He is as much mistrusted by his own family and friends as, let us say, the ugly-duckling artist who springs unexpectedly and bewilderingly from a white family of settled business traditions. Like all men, black or white, who dare to be different from the standardized community about them, the Negro seeking education courts misunderstanding on every side. In Mr. Green's plays, every misfortune he suffers is at once attributed by his friends to his overweening ambitions. And so we find the seeds of his tragedy taking root in the soil of universal suspicion.

On the dramatic and literary side, there can be no question of the power and frequent strength of Mr. Green's plays. Their choice of theme, however, is confined largely to the sexual and related aspects of the Negro's life. Even where the other theme of education is introduced, the preoccupation with the animalism of the Negro is apt to remain paramount. It takes the form of showing how easily and readily even the most persistent efforts at self-education are swept away by the torrent of animal passion. The plays also deal largely and frankly with the problem of mixture of races, and the pseudo-realism so prevalent on the stage today falls here into the usual method of reproducing every blasphemy and vulgarity of speech common to the type of character depicted.

Mr. Green would probably answer that in the twisted and abnormal conditions in which his North Carolina Negroes live, thwarted on every side and misguided both in their religious and mating instincts, the plays must reflect the consequences of this condition if they are to have any value as an exposition of character and environment. To a certain measure, that may be a just answer. Dickens certainly employed an analogous method in Oliver Twist, and other stories, to effect many needed reforms in England. But Dickens did not confine himself to the one aspect of life. He showed, not only the mire, but the way out. And here is where the art and the good judgment of Mr. Green fall far short of greatness. Like the earlier works of Eugene O'Neill, his plays show only a segment rather than a cross-cut of the circle of life. Many an apple is rotten on one side only—where it has been bruised. A gangrenous leg is not the whole man; and so on, right through our experience of life, there is nearly always a potential balance which can be swung to the right side through the weight of constructive action, whether spiritual or surgical, religious or scientific.

In fact, Mr. Green admits that the plays are not generally representative of the Negro race. "Specifically," he writes, "the chief concern here is with the more tragic and uneasy side of Negro life as it has exhibited itself to my notice through a number of years on or near a single farm."

The chief importance, then, of Mr. Green's work lies less in his achievement to date, which is imperfect largely through

**Lonesome Road: Six Plays for the Negro Theatre, by Paul Green. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.*

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its lack of full spiritual insight, than in the general direction it takes in furnishing serious material for the Negro theatre. With every criticism one might level against it, the fact remains that he is doing a far more constructive work than those seekers after the sensational who are trying to bring the Negro and the white closer and closer together on the same stage. Each race has a peculiar genius of its own, but like many innocent chemicals they do not seem to mix without serious consequences. The only constructive course is to allow each to develop to the utmost in its own idiom of action, emotion and thought. We now recognize that the Negro has his music; he is on his way toward a more complete theatre. This knowledge brings with it increasing respect and understanding.

The Censorship Boomerang

WE have just been regaled with as flagrant a bit of comic-opera censorship as one might hope to find in a fanciful Gilbert and Sullivan kingdom. The almost defunct play jury was called to life overnight, sent to view several productions, and then asked solemnly for its verdict. One review was suppressed completely—a logical if somewhat abrupt step. Another review containing material which the New York Times critic summoned enough courage to call "foul," was allowed to continue with the elimination of one sketch. Two notorious plays were whitewashed completely. Thus the expected has happened, and the greatest danger of censorship has been publicly demonstrated. It has given an honorable passport to theatrical material which, by almost unanimous consent of critics and public, exceeds all limits hitherto imposed by horse-sense and common decency.

Nor does this fact take account of the additional publicity bestowed on the plays examined. That is something which only the managers themselves can appraise at its almost priceless box-office worth. The time has come to recognize openly that censorship can be the greatest moral boomerang in dramatic history. It cannot be invoked without putting the seal of approval on everything it passes, and it cannot exist, even potentially, without tacitly approving even those shows to which it pays no official attention.

On the positive side, there would, of course, be less danger in censorship in a community which recognized a fairly definite ethical code. Individual censors might make mistakes; there are always prudes and fanatics who fail to distinguish between the destructive and constructive handling of serious material. But at least the artists attempting to write for such a community would have a fairly definite idea of their scope from the start. In a land such as ours, on the other hand, where so many fine moral questions find themselves in that marginal region where personal judgment alone is wrongly supposed to apply, it is quite impossible to imagine any form of censorship that would not have to end, in self-defense, either by tolerating nearly anything or condemning nearly everything. One glance at the divorce laws of the various states is enough to illustrate the point. A play advocating divorce for incompatibility ought to be—if the censors were logical—highly immoral in one state, and quite in sympathy with expressed public will in another. Yet divorce is a far clearer issue than most of those presented by current plays. Many plays are harmful and destructive, not through the technical issues they raise, but through the way in which their material is presented. You cannot have a just censorship without having first a recognized and accepted ethical code. From this fact there is no possible escape.

BOOKS

The Life of the Right Reverend John Baptist Mary David, by Sister Columba Fox. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

THE Life of the Right Reverend John Baptist Mary David (1761-1841) Bishop of Bardstown in Kentucky, is timely and good reading for any American, particularly good reading for Catholic Americans too prone to forget what has gone before their comfortable city lives. Sister Columba Fox (M.A.) of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, whose spiritual ancestors found in Bishop David so devoted a friend, has given herein a ground sketch which should be of great value to the Pilgrims of Saint Mary's, who, under Father Lafarge, S.J., are collecting material to fill in detail the period she outlines.

The authoress is to be congratulated that the life of the bishop and protector of her house also represents a time in America's history which has been all but lost to sight in the solution of later problems: that period of struggle, of disappointed hopes and sturdy faithful endurance or gradual hopeless or unconscious submersion out of which grew those conditions which we accept so lightly and so easily—or even, alas! so truculently, as though in building churches our generation had built the Church.

One hears much, and most properly, of these good, humble, generous people who came later, and who filled our cities with ordered parishes, schools, and hospitals; whose pennies freely given founded seminaries and colleges and missions. One hears of them exclusively, however; never does one hear, except in some such book as this and its sources, dug out as from some remote archaeological study, of those who made it possible to enjoy this liberty and material comfort, and who made liberty of conscience possible, not by organized numbers, but by individual worth of character.

Personal records of that time are scarce. Those to whom Bishop David came from France were not city dwellers. It is principally known by letters and reports of clerics, priests, bishops, and religious houses, rather than by research into the long years of struggle of the laity, when they had no priests, no sacraments, and yet endured. The issue of what much later became known under the name of "Cahensleyism" and subsequent conflicts of temporal policy unconnected with religion—which, nevertheless, led in some instances to actual schism—have beclouded all that earlier time.

A report of Father David's first mission in Maryland says: "On his arrival among them, he found the congregation cold and negligent of their Christian duties; he left them fervent and exemplary." Why wonder at their "negligence"? For how many decades had these people been utterly deprived of their religion and even of their civic rights because of it, in the new land that they had founded, after the titanic religious struggle that had driven them from Europe? The survivors of these conditions were Americans from the earliest growth of the new nation and long before "Americanization" could possibly be anticipated as a problem to tax the wisdom and the energy of both Church and state. In Maryland, where the first experiment in Catholic colonization was tried, deprived by newcomers in the colony of all rights, religious and civil, without even the consolation England had under persecution, of heroic priests secretly administering the sacraments, some went under insensibly and progressively. Many sought the protection of numbers among the Friends. Some few were

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powerful enough by personal wealth and political influence to conserve the practice of their religion under conditions not unlike those under which, today, some people are able to replenish their wine cellars in spite of the law. One hears much of these powerful and fortunate ones; nothing of those less favored upon whom the burden fell most heavily.

In Pennsylvania, where conditions were happier than in the neighbor colony-state, since there was to be found tolerance of the strong to the numerically weak, some few like the Willcox family of Ivy Mills had the privilege of frequent Mass in their own houses. It is a remarkable fact that this family had Mass thus for over one hundred years before the growth of a Catholic rural community made it possible to build a church upon their land, and to erect a parish; they even, for a time harbored a small number of theological students, the nucleus of a seminary, in a wing of their principal house. It is a still more remarkable fact that every possible effort was made later to merge this historic parish into some one of the new mill towns which had split off from it, because, being a "family parish" in a farming community, it has itself never grown beyond sixty families (ample for its support) though four towns and two chapels stand today upon its original territory. Only the personal friendship of Archbishop Ryan in this district saved it from complete administrative annihilation—with such a record!

It was of sturdy stuff the pioneers were made, who, forced out of Maryland just as 150 years of toil were blooming to fruition, once more set their faces to the wilderness and began to move southwestward by small groups and in two principal migrations to the borderland of the Indian country, in Kentucky. Recently opened for settlement, this was still a "debatable land"; Indian tribes warring among themselves and against the settlers "killed or carried into captivity some fifteen hundred pioneers, in the years from 1783 to 1790," but Catholics of Maryland preferred that risk to their disabilities at home.

It was to these people that young Father David came, fresh from a seminary "conducted in accordance with the enactments of the Council of Trent which required that the scholarship of all seminaries should reach a certain standard," evidence of this high standard of scholarship showing in the rule of the seminary that "all aspirants to the priesthood should have obtained a bachelor's and a master's degree before entering their holy profession." He belonged to a community, the Sulpicians "who were the best trained educators of candidates for the priesthood to be found in Europe" and who "combined fervent zeal for the Catholic faith with polished and agreeable manners, great tact, and absence of all aggressiveness." It was by Bishop David, later, out of the wealth of his wisdom and knowledge, that priests newly arrived from Europe were advised "not to attack certain customs of the country which were not wrong in themselves, nor opposed to the Gospel or the laws of the Church, but merely different from the customs of Europe," a policy which, had it been followed everywhere among us might have forestalled several lamentable and unnecessary disorders. From his thirtieth year to his eightieth he followed these pioneers and served them in all their troubles. It may truly be said that he served, not ruled.

In these days, when American gold restores the ancient titular churches of Rome, when millions flow from the great archdioceses alone, it seems very far off to the time when bishops walked because they had no money even for food, or followed the trail of their people, stopping with the sick and

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dying, riding on, ninety miles a day, to baptize and hear confessions as well as make their pastoral visits; when a priest of seventy-eight years might advance as reason against his elevation to a bishopric that an old internal injury made it difficult for him to stay long in the saddle or swim rivers. This was a period which supplied the young American Church not only with so goodly an array of vocations to the secular clergy, the Dominicans, the Jesuits; so brilliant a galaxy to the hierarchy; but also with so many outstanding laymen. Small wonder, when deprived of the Sacraments for generations, so many of these disinherited Maryland-Kentuckian frontiersmen still died in the Faith.

There is romance untouched in the lives of these men, in the conditions of life which sent some of our frontiersmen to the episcopal purple; which sent one gay-hearted lad to the newly created navy of our young nation, where, well used to sudden swift death, he became first, one of the most active suppressors of the African slave trade (though his father was a slave owner); then, among his hot-headed, high-spirited, duelling companions, a chosen peacemaker and arbiter of affairs of honor; finally a scientist of distinction, described humorously by a President of the United States in his later years as "one of the two ultra montanes in America," the other being his son.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Joan of Arc, by Joseph Delteil; translated from the French by Malcolm Crowley. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.00.

ANOTHER volume has been added to the library of books about Joan of Arc. Its author is one of the rising lights of the naturalistic French school, Joseph Delteil. It is not a life of Joan. It is a book about Joan. It is not historical, if by history we mean events that have gone through the formality of taking place. To formality of any kind, M. Delteil is openly averse. He gains freedom of handling, but he loses vraisemblance.

When, for example, we are shown Joan pleading with the Dauphin to renounce "the daughter of Evil," Agnes Sorel, it is disconcerting to remember that Agnes Sorel was then a little girl of nine, living primly with her parents at Fromenteau. To represent the Dauphin as in love with Joan is to stray into the regions of pure—or impure—romance. To represent Joan as fighting down her rising love for the Dauphin is to leave romance for absurdity. And to write: "The instant was solemn. At that moment, if Joan displayed the least touch of coquetry or intrigue, she would be queen of France," is to leave absurdity for chaos. Charles had been married six years when the Maid dawned on his horizon. He had a son of five, and the most redoubtable mother-in-law in Europe, Yolande, Dutchess of Anjou, a lady whom the wise did not affront. Even if it had been the habit of the kings of France to choose their consorts from the ranks of small farmers, there were other obstacles to Joan's advancement.

History is more forceful and more dramatic than romance; but only readers of history know this truth. The episode of Joan of Arc, brief, brilliant, tragic and triumphant, carries with it an interest which time intensifies. M. Delteil adds nothing to her glory by describing her as a fury, drunk with the joy of battle, and mocking at a dying foe; nothing to her desolation by adding vile and untrue horrors to her imprisonment; nothing to her suffering by inventing hateful details to enhance the dreadfulness of being burned. To blacken anthracite is as much an excess as to gild refined gold. The image of Joan in prison, friendless, ignorant, and terrified; the image of Joan bound to the stake with the pitiful little cross in her hands has lived long in our hearts. No fantastic imaginings can bring her closer to us. I knew an American, a scholar and a man of the world, who spent one night in Rouen, a night tormented with visions of those blazing faggots and that tortured girl. He left the next morning. Not all the beauty of the old city could atone to him for the ill deed that it had once witnessed.

Yet there is no doubt that M. Delteil loves and reveres the Maid as he has pictured her: "Joan, Joan," he cries, "you are mine, and only mine! You live in me, and I in you, and the pages of this book shall preserve us both eternally in one ink and one body!" which is a magnificently complacent prophecy. Mr. Andrew Lang also loved the Maid as he pictured her, a creature inspired by heaven and dedicated to France, of whom France and the world were unworthy. And Mr. Bernard Shaw loves in his own fashion the Maid as he has pictured her, as he has brought her back to life, and set her vividly before us.

The clearness of Mr. Shaw's conception gives us some sorely needed understanding. He flings back his soul 500 years, and sees Warwick, the Inquisitor, and the much abused Bishop of Beauvais, as they were then, not as they appear to us now. He judges them—so far as he judges at all—by the standards of 1431, not by the standards of 1926. The subtlety of his mind is equaled by the cold serenity of his vision. M. Delteil, in a transport of indignation, denounces Cauchon as "a bastard of Judas, a pig of history"; but this is merely calling names. It is the argument of the playground. Mr. Shaw is as keen to know Cauchon as he is keen to know Joan. His method of approach is as aptly conceived in one case as in the other. M. Delteil sings a hymn of hate to England that is as artless as Lissauer's. Mr. Shaw is not English, nor French, nor Burgundian. He is content to weave a brilliant and beautiful play out of the material history has afforded him.

The purple patches scattered throughout M. Delteil's work; such phrases as, "the rustling of tears in the gutters, the rustling of stars in the sky. . . . Delirium seemed to be falling from the moon in large yellow puddles," do not disfigure it. They are like the splotches of color in a super-impressionistic landscape—evidences of an exuberant fancy. The apostrophies to milk, to Joan's first tooth, and to the farm dunghill, are on the same order. But the semi-occasional grossness of his descriptions offends all standards of taste. When he desires to say a filthy thing (which is happily not often) he says it shamelessly. Now it is the essence of civilization to be reticent where the savage is outspoken, to conceal where the savage displays. To reject this normal reticence is not to leave the twentieth century for the fifteenth. It is to leave France for the Congo.

M. Delteil's book has gone through many editions, and has received the Prix Femina. It would.

AGNES REPPLIER.

London's West End, by P. H. Ditchfield. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THERE are New Yorkers whose feet and imaginations seldom stray very far from Fifth Avenue and who would regard an expedition to the fastnesses of Brooklyn and the Bronx conducting in anything less than the swiftest come-and-go fashion as far more of an undertaking than the yearly trip to Europe. In just the same way, the interest of visitors from overseas to London is apt to concentrate itself in the small area

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whose rather vague title, the "West End," gives little idea of its very compact and circumscribed character.

This district, as time goes on, shows no tendency at all to extend or to expand. Bounded as it is by the Park on the west, by the City proper on the east, by Westminster and the big government buildings on the south, and by acres of mean and shabby streets to the north, it reached the limit of its expansion some eighty years ago, and though the replacement of private houses by apartment buildings has increased its population it has not altered its "exclusive" character, nor changed the significance of a Mayfair address as a guarantee of social attainment.

The town houses in which the hierarchy and squirearchy of Britain live and the clubs where they foregather, the dark little shops where the peerage buys its robes and the Army List its uniforms, explorers their big-bore rifles, profiteers their jewels, and bishops their mitres, are crowded into a space that a quick walker can cross from end to end in twenty minutes. No such concentration of pomp, wealth, and vanity probably exists anywhere else on earth. The true West End is at once a bazaar, a museum, a picture gallery, and a rookery of coroneted fowl—Thackeray's Vanity Fair, today as eighty years ago.

In conducting us step by step over the hallowed ground where Michael Arlen breathes most naturally, the Reverend P. H. Ditchfield proves himself a gentle and garrulous guide. His comments and recollections make up a budget of gossip, mildly interesting and with a strong conservative bias that reaches us with an odor of aloes and spices. To be able to describe the companions and associates of Oliver Cromwell as "regicides, whose memories and deeds England would fain forget," and to feel that the situation of that very ugly building, Buckingham Palace, is "a sign of the nearness of the King of England to the hearts of his people" are certificates of mental outlook as unmistakable as a silk stock or side whiskers.

From Mr. Ditchfield's harvest of anecdotage one may glean a particularly interesting and less familiar item here and there. Of "Farmer George's" early love affair with the fair Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, a picturesque sequel is related: "She had a son . . . who was named George Rex and who received a government appointment in South Africa. . . . I believe Rex married a native woman and their descendants are today spread throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, and all show traces of color derived from George Rex's wife." The author's severe comment on another incident will not shake us in a sneaking admiration for Colonel Blood, that stout Irish ruffian who nearly got away with the Crown jewels (was he going to share the loot with King Charles?) and his uncompromising defiance for time, place and rank, when he laid violent hands on the Duke of Ormond in St. James's Square. "Blood's intention was to hang the Duke at Tyburn in revenge for the hanging of some of his companions in an attempt to seize Dublin Castle . . . he rode on to get the gallows ready with a rope." And there is an illuminating note on the employment of their leisure by the governing caste, off duty, in the following remarkable bet, booked at White's: "Mr. F. Cavendish bets Mr. H. Brownrigg 2/1 that he does not kill the bluebottle fly before he goes to bed—July 17, 1856." Mr. Cavendish, the spirited layer of odds on the bluebottle was presumably a scion of the house of Devonshire, of which the author remarks in a lyrical outburst provoked by the demolition of their home in Piccadilly: "Nobly have the Dukes of Devonshire played their part in our national history." And

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soundly, by the way, have they slept through historic debates on the benches of both houses of the British legislature.

It will be gathered that Mr. Ditchfield, who is a veteran writer on old English ways and days, with two-thirds of a column to himself in the current Who's Who, has not written a book on London's court quarter that stands out by any qualities of innate distinction. But, as an inveterate collector of pleasant gossip about the great, and near-great, he brings us into pleasant contact with many generations who feasted and flirted within its purlieus, and though we may smile now and then at his impressibility by pomp and circumstance, we leave him at the end with a consciousness of time not ill-spent. The many illustrations in strong line by Mr. Joseph Pike are well chosen and cleanly executed.

H. L. S.

Last Essays, by Joseph Conrad; with an introduction by Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

THAT the last volume from Conrad's pen will not be placed among the major works of the great Pole, that it does not even possess the range of interest of his other collection of essays, Notes on Life and Letters, is far from saying that it is not veritable Conrad. Joseph Conrad never wrote a line which was not stamped with the indelible impress of the man's own character. Whether in fashioning the vast panorama of a Nostromo, or, as in the present volume, writing an introduction to the life of the Stephen Crane who was his friend, or paying a simple tribute to the heroism of the Dover Patrol, one feels always the same care, one might almost say the same passion, certainly the same sincerity of utterance.

It is not that he regarded the printed word as something mystic, to be approached only after prayer and fasting, but simply that he felt no call to express what his heart had not commanded him to express. He had none of the vanity of the purely literary man; he never wrote to glorify a theme through the virtuosity of his own style. He wrote because he had a character whose truth he must reveal, a story he must tell, the memory of a ship he had loved, the fragrance of a day at sea long passed; something which, small or great, was to him vital and enduring. In this he never faltered.

In these last miscellaneous papers collected from many sources there is not a line which a lover of Conrad would wish had not been written. The integrity of the man's mind is truly extraordinary. Some of the essays are the product of his cruise with the Dover Patrol during the war, one is a tribute to the old explorers who had been the inspiration of his youth, there are papers on Stephen Crane and John Galsworthy, and an amusing preface for a cook-book written by his wife. Truly a heterogeneous gathering! And yet in not one do we fail to recognize the Conrad we have known and loved.

Once more do we find implicit in every line his unfailing belief in the virtues of human loyalty, of simple courage. In an age where self-styled "sophisticates" continually proclaim the test of a civilized man to be his freedom from the thraldom of traditional virtues and his contempt for the age-old fidelities which have raised man above the beasts, the spirit of Joseph Conrad remained impeccable. "Happy is the man," said Goethe, "who can keep the end of his life in tune with its beginning." Such a man was Joseph Conrad.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Doctor's Wooing, by Charles Phillips. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $2.25.

THE novel of country life, handled with skill by Americans as different in temperament as John Fox, Jr., and Willa Sibert Cather, continues to be a fascinating form. Mr. Phillips, for his part, writes of frontier Wisconsin in a spirit closely akin to that of European peasant literature. His men and women—most of them young and not averse to moonlight—are simple and require no subtle analysis; his plot is a taut emotional thread spun of an amorous fibre as old as the earth; and his background, though decorated with pine-trees, lightning, and a mill-dam, might be anywhere you please. As a result, this is wholesome fiction—young, warm-blooded, optimistic, romantic. It asks for no sophisticated comment, opens no vista we have not already happily explored.

The tale moves on gently, but none the less rapidly, till Rhoda of the golden voice finds the man she has secretly been in need of all the while. Very many ought to enjoy reading it, because the "very many" are jaded and this book is not. Mr. Phillips's Californian style plays lovingly about the contour of the adventure, with something of the same effect as Mendelssohn overheard by a pair of lithe young people urging their canoe upstream. If it has the charm of murmured tenderness, it has also—as the reader may note with some regret—an intellectual instability that goes deeper than the surface.

On the whole, Mr. Phillips uses his manner excellently; and though this is a first novel, there are exceptionally few indications of amateurishness. The story itself will please especially that large group of feminine readers who are constantly on the search of fiction that keeps on being interesting. It reveals a lovable, refreshing personality, poetic in the old sense of Bacon who said, "the poet submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Good morning, Dr. Angelicus," sang Miss Brynmarian, blithely, as she removed her hat and powdered her nose. The Doctor's back was turned to her as he sat completely absorbed in a newspaper, and no reply greeted her. The telephone on his desk rang imperatively, but the Doctor paid not the slightest heed.

"Good morning," trilled Miss Brynmarian, again, now closer to his ear. And still there was no response. Chilled, but undaunted, she made one more effort.

"That newspaper must be very interesting," she remarked, this time in not quite such musical tones.

"Eh?" queried the Doctor absently, still bent over his paper, "say I'm out."

"But *I'm* in," objected Miss Brynmarian, "and I've said good morning to you twice and you've paid no attention. If you don't look up I shall borrow your pet fountain pen again just for spite, and then you'll be sorry!"

"Oh, all right," grumbled the Doctor, putting down his paper for a moment though not letting go his hold of it, "all right, what do you want?"

"I want to know what you were reading in that paper that was so absorbing that you didn't hear anything—not even me!"

"I was reading," replied Dr. Angelicus, frankly, yet not without a trace of self-consciousness, "a symposium of prominent English women on what the ideal man should be. It is most interesting and illuminating."

"You're not going to England this summer, are you?" asked Miss Brynmarian, anxiously.

"Well, I hadn't considered doing so up to now," replied the Doctor, again picking up his paper, "but it might not be such a bad idea."

"But you told me that you preferred American women," objected Miss Brynmarian. "Let me look at that paper."

So saying, she peered over the Doctor's shoulder, and gasped in horror as she read the first headline that met her eye: "If a Man's a Bit Naughty, He's All Right—the Opinion of English Women."

"Oh, Doctor!" she cried, in distress, "I never suspected you."

"Your remark would indicate that you are not English, whatever else you may be," declared the Doctor. "But why should you suspect me now? I am interested in this topic purely from a national psychological viewpoint."

"What do the English ladies say?" asked Miss Brynmarian, curiously.

"Well," replied the Doctor, referring to his paper, "Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the famous explorer, declares that: 'My ideal man may stay out every night, dress as loudly as he likes—but he must be good-tempered.'"

"You could qualify there, all right," admitted Miss Brynmarian, ambiguously.

"Explain yourself," said the Doctor, severely.

"I mean about being good-tempered," hastily added Miss Brynmarian.

"Another well-known lady explorer," the Doctor went on, "says"—

"Don't read any more of the views of lady explorers," interrupted Miss Brynmarian, "go on to another class."

"But this one is a very prominent woman," explained An-

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gelicus, "and her views on men should be sound. She is a big-game hunter."

"Is that what they call it in England?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"Spinelly," continued the Doctor, "the famous French revue artiste, says that her ideal man 'must understand women and make use of all his knowledge on me alone. I'd rather see him a wife-beater than have him lack a sense of humor.'"

"Do you suppose she would like him to shriek with mirth as he beat her?" inquired Miss Brynmarian. "That reminds me of a clipping I have from a recent newspaper." And Miss Brynmarian, drawing it forth from her bag, read:

"'It was only a family affair,' said Mrs. Doris Webber, nineteen, when she recovered consciousness this morning in Saint Catherine's Hospital. Police said her husband beat her and then pushed her through the window of their home during a fight.'"

"She and Spinelly apparently share the same views on family life," remarked the Doctor. "But you must hear what Lady Duff-Gordon, leading fashion designer, says of her ideal man: 'He won't have a beard, whatever else he may be like, and he must be kind, clean, and able to pay my bills.'"

"There!" declared Miss Brynmarian, "that makes some sense. Of all those women, her views are the soundest."

"I have guessed your nationality at last," said the Doctor. "You are an American woman. But you must listen to the opinion of the other explorer. Lady Dorothy Mills states that 'an ideal man would be insufferable. Fancy having a man who never did anything wrong. I can't imagine anything more terrible.'"

"I have always heard," agreed Miss Brynmarian, "that it is the really unknown that strikes terror in our hearts."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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